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A LIBERAL'S or Progressive's election to public office, here and there, is all in the day's work, no doubt, and must be expected. For our part, we would rather see any other type come to the front. We are all for the Crokers, Platts, Quays, Penroses. They have their codes and principles, and stick to them. They keep their word, keep their promises, and say what they mean. They work for their own interests all the time, and are willing to let the deluge come as soon after them as it will. When the people of this country once realize, as they are rapidly coming to realize, what the nature of politics and political government is, they will look back upon these men as their sovereign educators. We heartily rejoiced in the triumph of the Republican half of the bi-partisan machine in 1920; and we shall be all for the triumph of the Democratic half this autumn and in 1924. But another era of Rooseveltism, varied by Wilsonism, would be profoundly discouraging, and we do not think it will come. The sickliest symptom that the world displayed ten years ago was the prevalence of liberal Governments. Nearly every country had one, and an experienced observer could know just what to expect.

WE have seen that a liberal's war is the worst imaginable, because it is the stupidest and most vicious. It is animated by a fanatical, quasi-religious exaltation which precludes, apparently, any exercise of reason. Worse, moreover, far worse than a liberal's war is a liberal's peace; this, too, we imagine, needs no show of formal proof. The liberal in politics is one of the poorest creatures alive, only because of his inveterate illusions about the nature of politics—illusions which the Murphys and Penroses do not share, but on the contrary, view with amusement and derision. The liberal is usually honest, high-minded, self-sacrificing—we are not now speaking of the camp-followers or those who climb on the band-wagon after it has begun to move—but he is, in the parlance of the street, a born sucker, an innocent casuist. This is why he is so dangerous a figure. There is no limit to his power of self-deception, no compromise of reason or principle which he will not justify in behalf of the Larger Good; and when the Larger Good somehow tires out along the way and does not arrive, there is no one more unfeignedly astonished, more genuinely disappointed, and at the same time, more incurious about delving in and finding out why it did not arrive. The liberal has his place, no doubt, but not in politics; and above all, not in the field of social and political criticism.

BY an easy association of ideas we are led from the foregoing to consider the efforts made in the Senate to drive Mr. Daugherty out of the Cabinet. They seem to us very unconsidered and illogical, and in the time-dishonoured tradition of our method with pickpockets and prostitutes—the method known as "running them out of town." One may run pickpockets and prostitutes over into the next town or into the river; there seems to be no other possibility, since, as the Old Cattleman said about a Mexican's hands, "they done got to be somewhere." To run them into the next town is obviously unfair; and if one runs them into the river, their places will be taken to-morrow by others precisely like them. The point is that as long as our economic system encourages such dreadful sacrifices of body and soul, so long such people must and will exist. To harry them about from place to place is mere idle and wanton persecution, and to kill

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE Republican nomination of Mr. Gifford Pinchot for the Governorship of Pennsylvania means that Boies Penrose is dead. It means no less than that and no more than that—absolutely nothing less or more. The corresponding triumph of Mr. A. J. Beveridge in Indiana means that a number of Republican voters in that State are cross and restless. Those who expect any practical good to accrue to the public from these galvanic movements of a defunct Progressivism would do well to go back and examine the record of Progressivism when it was alive and a going concern. Let them go back to its birth in Chicago, when all the liberals, uplifters and forward-lookers in the country rallied and encouraged one another in the highfalutiness, hymn-singest political convention ever held since Cromwell's time, and follow it down to its melancholy sell-out at the hands of our lamented brethren, Roosevelt and Perkins. That is the only suggestion we have to offer; but if faithfully followed, it will be sufficient.

SHOULD any further evidence be desired, however, we can refer our readers to the utterances of Messrs. Pinchot and Beveridge since the nominations struck them. The conception of public service which they set forth as appropriate to the present time, is just about the old Progressive size. Our powerful neighbour, the New York Times, made the most of this in an excellent editorial in its issue of 21 May, showing quite clearly that the fabric of old-line Republicanism will neither be torn nor frayed by the success of these nominations. The issues embraced by Mr. Beveridge were, as the Times points out, frankly reactionary; we should say, opportunist-reactionary. Those put forward by Mr. Pinchot were the mouldy old commonplaces about "good government"—honesty, efficiency, and the like. Mr. Beveridge may save the country by lowering the income-tax, inaugurating a sales-tax and putting the kibosh on dictation by the farmer and labour vote; but we are not too sanguine about it. Mr. Pinchot is an honest man who really believes that some public good can be accomplished through politics; hence his integrity deserves respect, though his intelligence does not. What his plans for "good government" will look like after they have gone through the Republican State machine, will be worth going a long way to see. The machine is a little decrepit, but it is still able any day to eat twenty of Mr. Pinchot for breakfast, and then look around for something like a square meal.

them only opens ground for a fresh crop. The only fruitful reform, clearly, as with flies and mosquitoes, is to break up their breeding-places. Replacing our economic system by one which does not put such a heavy premium upon pocket-picking and prostitution, one which enables people to be as decent and honest as they really want to be—this seems the logical first step towards abolishing these evils.

IF it could be proved conclusively that Mr. Daugherty is crooked as a corkscrew, the fact should be given the widest possible publicity; but instead of driving him out of the Cabinet, his critics should show, as we think might be easily shown, that his circumstances positively preclude his being anything else. It should be shown furthermore that the public interest would be far better served by retaining in the Cabinet a man of proven crookedness than by displacing him. To displace Mr. Daugherty would, like driving prostitutes out of town, confirm in the public mind an entirely erroneous set of implications. We all ought to take a less personal view of matters like these. If Mr. Daugherty is a crook, the thing is to show why he became one; to determine whether as a lawyer and public prosecutor, the entire system of legalistic standards to which he must conform, and which must control his professional behaviour, permit him to be anything else; whether also in the special circumstances surrounding any Cabinet officer, it is possible for any man to maintain an ordinary integrity. When these matters are satisfactorily canvassed, we shall be ready to consider what should be done with Mr. Daugherty; but until then, we are all for letting him alone.

MESSRS. HUGHES and Hoover have been condescending to lecture the Russians on the error of their ways, by way of again refusing to recognize their Government. Mr. Hughes seems to base recognition on the "restoration of productivity" in Russia, though like the lady that bade her daughter hang her clothes on a hickory limb, he is firm against any encouragement or assistance of Russian productivity before it be fully restored. Precedent to recognition, Mr. Hughes makes it plain that the Soviet authorities must provide "guarantees of safety of life and property, the sanctity of contract and the rights of free labour." We do not know what the Secretary of State of the United States (including West Virginia) means by the rights of free labour, but if he means that the Soviet Government must disband the Russian labour-organizations, we fear it will not attempt such a hazardous demobilization. As for the sanctity of contract, we should be glad if Mr. Hughes would give a list of contracts of the Soviet Government's own making which it has broken. Safety of life is said by recent visitors to Russia to be much better assured in Moscow and Petrograd than on the streets of Chicago or New York. As for the safety of property, the Soviet Government has already offered to guarantee the integrity of foreign capital invested in Russian production; but if Mr. Hughes includes under this head the return of real estate to the Tsarist landlords, he would seem to be advocating the violation of the sanctity of a very solemn contract made by the Soviet Government with the Russian people. One wonders whether Mr. Hughes believes that the glittering prospect of having their coal-industry equal our own in present productivity would lure the Soviets to turn back the Donets Basin to its former owners.

MR. HOOVER's economic stature may be gauged by his dismissal of the question of restoring Russian trade as unimportant to the United States because before the war only one per cent of our exports went directly to Russia. Leaving aside the larger amount of our goods that reached Russia through British and German middlemen, and the possibility of greatly increasing this trade under the present changed conditions, Mr. Hoover's view still seems somewhat pinched. European authorities almost without exception view the restoration of Russia to a normal

relationship with her neighbours as a primary requisite to a general commercial recovery. This restoration is particularly necessary to Great Britain and Germany, our two best customers. Thus, when Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover join with the French die-hards in continuing to outlaw Russia they are sabotaging our own foreign trade on a very large scale indeed. Their statements that Americans may freely trade with Russia, irrespective of the political relationship, are disingenuous because the regulations of their own Departments make commerce an extremely uncertain venture in the absence of consular officials.

AN ex-governor of a Middle-Western State returned the other day from Russia, and informed his friends and neighbours that they should not think of paying a visit to the land of the Soviet Republic. The advice was gratuitous; moreover, he published it on what seems the very worst choice of a day—a day when the chief organ of Middle-Western opinion recorded as taking place in and about the metropolis of the Great Lakes certain incidents reminiscent of those alleged to have taken place in Moscow two or three years ago. The day's grist was as follows: two cases of bomb-throwing; several policemen shot down; over a dozen hold-ups accompanied by violence and assault; innumerable motor-car accidents; the wholesale arrest of labour-leaders for alleged conspiracy; the deliberate attempt to destroy seventy-two apartments by incendiarism; and last but not least, the trial of the Governor of the State for alleged misappropriation of the State's funds.

THESE are a few of the doings which greeted the ex-governor on his arrival from the land where law'n order is unknown and private property stands in jeopardy. A little more advice from our ex-governors; a few more murders, bomb-outrages, hold-ups; robberies by officials, departmental frauds and other-such happenings as now regularly meet the eye of the reader of Middle-Western newspapers; a little more of this kind of thing, and we shall presently see advertisements by some enterprising tourist-company offering cheap tickets for Moscow and other places in Russia, where things seem to be so quiet that even the Red Cross's agents can not find another sensation wherewith to scare the wits out of our State Department. Washington papers please copy.

IN our days at school we were taught that the subtraction of two from four invariably leaves two as the remainder. We should think it were equally plain that if a manufacturer of women's clothing, for instance, has a gross income of twelve thousand per annum from his business, and were obliged to pay four thousand in rent for his premises, he would have left only eight thousand with which to pay for equipment and materials, depreciation, labour-costs, and interest on his capital investment. Thus it seems to us fairly clear that the amount he is forced to pay in rent bears a close relation to the amount he will be able to pay for the labour he employs.

It seemed strange to us, in view of a very apparent close relation between rent and wages, that the annual report of the Labour Bureau, which came to our desk some time ago, furnished no evidence that organized labour takes any interest in rent, and its relation to wages and working-conditions. The activities of the Bureau cover a wide field; it prepares reports for labour-organizations on a great many problems bearing upon the situation of labour; yet, while we found in its report a great deal about hours, wages, and working-conditions, we found nothing about the problem of rent. We wrote to a member of the Bureau, inquiring about this omission, and in answer we were told that it had never had, from any labour-organization, any inquiry concerning rent and its relation to the problems of labour. Organized labour, apparently, is so intent upon its struggle with the capitalist that it never thinks to question the exactions of the monopolist, by whom both the capitalist and the worker are exploited.

THE complaints of industry reduced to a state of chronic anæmia by the exorbitant demands of the tax-collector and the railway freight-agent, have been growing louder, and the autumnal congressional elections have been drawing nearer; so President Harding has been attempting to banquet the railway-chieftains into a less esurient mood. While he has been gently hinting to these recalcitrant dictators the necessity for a return to something approaching normalcy, the Interstate Commerce Commission has ordered a ten per cent reduction of freight-rates, effective 1 July, which, the Commission figures, will enable the roads to earn five and three-quarters per cent on the extremely liberal valuation of \$19 billion which it has placed upon their properties. This reduction seems moderate enough when contrasted with the extravagant rate-increases of recent years: in 1918 up to twenty-five per cent; in August, 1920, from twenty-five to forty per cent. The present passenger-rates which make railway-travel a luxury were not touched. Yet the operators greeted the announcement with loud wails of protest. The Commission's action was palpably the most unkindest cut of all, and the mighty hearts of the railway operators were at the bursting-point. It was interesting to read their predictions of ruin and then turn over a few pages and note, in the financial section, that two railways, the New York Central and the Great Northern, had made annual reports showing large increases in net earnings for the year and a net income of about nine per cent each.

THE gentlemen who have our transportation-system in their keeping asseverate with staunch unanimity that the only way they can make this little rate-cut tolerable is to take it out of labour. They began immediately to clamour for appropriate action by the Railway Labour Board which did not long disappoint them. As we go to press it is announced that the Board has lopped \$48 million per annum from the wages of 400,000 maintenance-of-way men. Inasmuch as railway-labourers suffered a wage-reduction of twenty-five per cent last year when rates were still at the peak, we doubt their mood to shoulder this burden. The whole thing is a mess, and poor Mr. Harding, who would like every one to be prosperous and happy in that station of life to which it has pleased an eighteenth-century Deity to call him, is confronted with another condition for which he has no adequate theory. As for those incorrigible Niobes, the railway-executives, we suspect there is something theatrical in their clamour. Surely they can not expect to throttle industry for ever, and by this time it must have occurred to some of them that if they diminish their unconscionable exactions on business, it may be stimulated to provide them with a larger amount of freight to move. In any event, a ruling of a governmental commission is not an insuperable matter. Of late years we have observed that the authority of such commissions, boards and tribunals, with which we are so plentifully supplied, is increasingly ineffective when it conflicts with the aims of privilege. Perhaps to oblige the amiable Mr. Harding the railway-executives will accept the proposed reduction "in principle," as the diplomats say, and the shippers will be relieved in a Pickwickian sense. There is, by the way, something essentially Pickwickian about most of the palliatives of the Harding Administration.

WHEN a dispatch from Washington reported recently that a revolution in Nicaragua had been extinguished by American marines in the short space of eight hours, some of our readers may have wondered just how our loyal troopers happened to be on hand and ready for business when the affair began. The operations of the Imperial American Government are so many and so devious that one can not be expected to explain them all, and yet it happens that in the present instance the explanation is as simple as it is significant. The story began with a previous revolution which resulted in the establishment of a new Government financed by New York bankers, and supported by American marines who were landed for the purpose and have been stationed ever since in the capital of the country. When the new Government had finally been set up in

business, the leaders offered to accept in law what they had already accepted in fact—an American protectorate. The United States Senate had no stomach for such frankness, and in deference to American sensibilities, the Bryan-Chamorro treaty of 1916 preserved the actuality of control, without the name. Specifically, the treaty gave the American Government the right to construct an inter-oceanic canal across any part of Nicaragua, and to establish naval bases on both coasts. In other words, Mr. Wilson's Administration, in its period of pacifism, handled Nicaragua rather more roughly than Mr. Roosevelt had handled Panama; and now Mr. Harding's Government has inherited the Republican Big Stick and the Democratic Olive Branch, and can not distinguish between them. When Mr. Hughes pommels Panama, he is in the Republican tradition; when he maintains an army of occupation in Nicaragua, he is in the Democratic tradition; but he and the American Government are always in the imperialist tradition, and we should be obliged if our liberal friends will tell us how we can vote it out again.

If it were our privilege to interpellate the Government at Washington, we should attempt to draw out of the appropriate Ministry an estimate of the strength of the prohibition army and navy. We may be wrong, but we have the impression that a very considerable number of our fellow-citizens are now engaged in the business of secret snoopering. The thought is an engaging one, and sometimes it leads us on to speculate upon the uses that may some day be made of this American "third section." Suppose, for instance, that sedition should eventually become as common in this country as our leading patrioteers would have us believe it is at present; in such an era of enlightenment, the plain-clothes army of prohibition would stand officialdom in good stead. With the forces of righteousness and respectability already recruited to war-strength, and superbly trained in the tactics of back-stair-and-key-hole warfare, the Government should have no trouble in rounding up all the thoughtful people in the country, and packing them off in short order to Alaska.

WE have repeatedly been assured by such international authorities as Lady Astor, Mr. Hughes, Billy Sunday, Mr. Lloyd George and Mrs. Asquith that the Washington conference was a record-breaking success. We now know that the naval-disarmament agreement was a sham and the poison-gas agreement a mere cynical pretence. How about the rest of the covenants so zealously press-agented from the conference? The rubber-stamp majority in the United States Senate approved them, but we have not noticed that any of the other Governments concerned has been making any moves towards ratification. Perhaps we are in error here. Possibly our late associates gave their formal endorsements with the unobtrusiveness of a bootlegger signing a bill of lading. More probably the much-touted documents are fated to gather dust in the diplomatic pigeon-holes. We wish some of the ladies, gentlemen and diplomats who so persistently sing the praises of the Washington conference would name one—only one—specific accomplishment effected there. It was an amusing show, but personally we are so old-fashioned as to prefer its predecessors, the late P. T. Barnum's happy convocations and the now defunct Huber's Museum. The entertainment was simpler, the frauds quite harmless, and one never had an uneasy feeling that the proprietors were toting hidden guns on their hips.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

MR. HUGHES IN UTOPIA.

"THE diplomacy of free peoples," declared Secretary Hughes recently, in an address at Washington, "... should be open, candid, direct. It ... has few inducements to continue the tradition of duplicity and intrigue associated with despotic governments. It also has the advantage of responding to public opinion; it reflects the perception of the common interest."

This is a shrewd and just statement, and must give pause to those who have suspected Mr. Hughes of a lack of imagination. Obviously a director of foreign affairs could not secretly arrange a loan of \$187 million from the funds of a free people to the representative of an ephemeral Government and permit him to enjoy freely all the benefits and emoluments of his diplomatic status five years after his Government had vanished. It would be quite impossible for the Foreign Office of a free people to overthrow the sovereignty of a weaker neighbour, and hold the neighbour in enforced vassalage for an indefinite period, without explanation or excuse. Plainly no free people would tolerate leaving its relations with a contiguous State to the outcome of secret diplomatic juggling, especially if the mysteriously-protracted negotiations gave rise to reports that seriously smirched their honour. No free people would permit its Foreign Office to distribute forces of black-and-tans among neighbour nations to keep them politically safe for speculators and concession-hunters. No free people could be committed by its Foreign Office to an alliance for the defence and perpetuation of thieveries in the Far East. No free people with any sense of humour or congruity would passively permit its Secretary of State to refuse recognition to the Government of another people until they rearranged their internal affairs to conform with his formulæ. Finally no free people would place the conduct of its relationships with all other peoples in the hands of an irresponsible directorate, immune to criticism, and shut off from the direct questionings of any representative tribunal.

One would naturally expect, in Mr. Hughes's consideration of the diplomacy of free peoples, a certain note of wistfulness. Mr. Hughes's job, it has often seemed to us, must be somewhat depressing and humiliating. On the other hand, the job of conducting foreign affairs for a free people must be altogether joyous, even though one's diplomatic status might be considerably below par at an international conference. One could take principle as an official guide, instead of having to trim one's policies to the demands of powerful concession-hunting or loan-hunting groups. One's statements would not be shaped by imperialist exigencies, and one's soul would not be tortured with visions of the war-clouds that imperialism gathers over itself. One need corrode one's conscience with no disreputable diplomatic secrets, because one's business would be everybody's business; it would, as Mr. Hughes so admirably says, "reflect the common interest," because it would be conceived in the common interest and in no other. In short, the inevitable weapons of such diplomacy would be candour and truth.

If Mr. Hughes had ended his speech with the remark that we have quoted, we might pursue our Utopian speculations with a hopeful view of a free Mr. Hughes as director of the free diplomacy of a free people. We could assume that the furtive diplomatic autocrat at Washington weaving his spells in a darkness of his own creation, is not the real Mr. Hughes, but a dismal subliminal Mr. Hughes. Unfortunately for this theory, Mr.

Hughes did not stop at this point. "I am glad to say," he went on, "that in the dealings of this Government with other Powers there are no intrigues, no hidden purposes, no deceptions. Nothing is done or proposed which, so far as its essential character is concerned, could not be shouted from the housetops."

It is a fair assumption that Mr. Hughes here identifies himself as the open, candid, direct diplomatic spokesman for a free people. This seems a strange assumption. As far as we know, Mr. Hughes has never once publicly proclaimed, even in a whisper, let alone shouting it from the housetops, the essential character of this Government's dealings with other Powers. But Mr. Hughes, with a mighty reservation, quickly relieved the mind of his hearers on this point. To take the American people into his confidence on the details of their foreign affairs, he said, might wound foreign susceptibilities. It would forfeit the good will of other peoples. Thus, to be specific, one may suppose the only reason Mr. Hughes does not publish his full correspondence with Mexico is that such a move would wound the feelings of the Mexican people! To publish all the correspondence relating to the occupation of Haiti might make the Haitian people regard us with disfavour! To reveal the details of his liaison with the expensive M. Bakhmetiev might impel 150 million Russians to refuse to recognize us or trade with us!

We think Mr. Hughes suffers from an exaggerated sense of delicacy about this, and we are certain that he is much embarrassed by his efforts to appear as the chartered diplomat of a free people. If Mr. Hughes tried intelligently and honestly to act on this assumption for half an hour, we are willing to wager the amount of the bankers' profits from our next Haitian loan against the value of one of Mr. Washington Vanderlip's Russian concessions, that he would be relieved of the cares of public office in less time than it takes to say "George Chicherin." Those are long odds, but we feel safe about them. Besides, Mr. Hughes has acted as Mr. Harding's Secretary of State for over a year, and in this period he has sat through an international conference; and after that debilitating experience, only a miracle could ever under any circumstances make him morally competent to act as the agent of a free people.

SLOGANS OF THE NEXT WAR.

"THE Pacific has its menaces." We have said this before; we shall say it again and again. Europe is prostrate; nothing can be collected there and we are not likely soon again to send another army across the Atlantic to make the world safe for democracy. But clouds lower on the Western horizon. Immense spoils are to be divided in China. England and Japan, fully armed, stand prepared to secure their share. They have renounced their public alliance, but if anyone thinks that renunciation worth twopence let him read the first fifty-two documents in Siebert and Schreiner's "Entente Diplomacy and the World," and look at Pasvol'sky's "Russia in the Far East." England and Japan, owing to their vital interests in Asia, must stand together in the pinch, against any and all interlopers. Gentlemen do not have to exchange parchment and seals. Only the bushmen in the hinterland of boobocracy imagine that they do. England and Japan have fixed their hooks of steel into China, and some flesh will be torn before they are prised loose.

Moreover, Mr. Harding has told the world that "we" intend to have our share of China's spoils, and if anyone has any doubts about "our" ability to get what is

coming to us, let him read the fair story of Santo Domingo. Of course, there is the pious declaration of the Washington conference about "the open door" and "equal opportunity" in China. That declaration merely restates platitudes that have been reiterated since the age of Marcus A. Hanna and John Hay. Japan officially respects them; so does England; but in practice, nobody pays any attention to them. Japan had the brazen effrontery to proclaim that her twenty-one demands left the door open and equal opportunity unimpaired. Nay more: her ambassador in Peking had the cool effrontery to say it privately to the English Minister in the celestial capital! Meanwhile, Japanese merchants, bankers, prospectors, and capitalists are gathering up everything in sight. Japan has "special interests" in China, no matter what Washington says. She has nothing else but special interests; so has England. Both of them are so well entrenched that our enterprising Yankees will find it hard to get what they want; and hence the clamour will soon arise.

It has, in fact, already begun. The publications of the American Legion have teemed with "hot stuff" on the next war, this time in the East. The movies have been running a regular series of "educational films" portraying the United States and Japan "face to face." Cool, suave, determined, and relentless, Japan marches forward in her economic conquest of China. Does anyone doubt that? The Washington conference "showed her up good"; she was brought like a convict to the bar. She was hammered about Shantung, about Mongolia, about Siberia, and about her reluctance to yield to the five-five-three formula. She yielded (in principle!) but the sweet uses of publicity had successfully damned her before she gave in (in principle). It would have taken George Creel and his young lions five years to "get across" to the American people the "dope" that the Washington conference put across within two weeks. "Dope," that is the noble word, our good friends. In the fierce light that beat upon the Washington vaudeville-stage Japan looked black as Lobengula. She was pursuing her interests and spreading order and civilization in Asia, as we are doing in Santo Domingo and Nicaragua; therefore she was duly condemned by that enlightened "public opinion" which governs the United States!

All the while, American merchants and investors are striving with might and main to get "their share of China," and they are not getting it. They do not know the Chinese language, and must rely upon go-betweens. They are beaten and baffled at every turn. They can not pry loose England's grip; Japan marches far ahead of them in seven-league boots. Fact!—deadly fact! It will not be long before the grand and noble open-door pact will be called in question. Complaints loud and long will come before the august commission appointed to keep a fiction intact. The Washington pact will suffer from the Moroccan disease. Japan will be accused of supporting her nationals in seeking arrangements which "purport to establish in favour of her interests a general superiority of rights with respect to commercial and economic development of certain designated regions of China." The decision will not be satisfactory to the high contracting parties. Some oil-concessions, railways, coal-mines, or other elements of Chinese "integrity" will escape the supple fingers of American grabbers. Then the high heavens will be split by an agonizing scream, "public opinion" will be aroused, editors will stew and presses will groan.

What will the dear public hear? Anyone can forecast it, to the crossing of the last t, and the dotting of the last i. "Japan is refusing to evacuate Siberia and

give the poor Russians the right of self-determination! Did we not send two million sons across the sea to defend that right?" "Japan is oppressing the poor Chinese whom we love with all our might. Those enduring ties of friendship which bind each patriot heart to the Celestial republic vibrate at the terrible thought." "Japan is preparing to seize California and land ten million subjects upon our shores!" "Japan proposes to flood Western civilization with cheap labour and ruin that splendid charter of industrial liberty, the Constitution of the American Federation of Labour." The Carnegie Peace Foundation will once more seek "peace through victory." Those who venture to say that it seems ludicrous to spend a hundred times the value of all Oriental trade in order to get it will be hounded to prison under Mr. Wilson's charters of liberty—the revived and strengthened Sedition and Espionage acts. The gay will laugh, the thoughtless cheer and die. There will be war-work once more for dowagers and ladies of certain and uncertain age. More debts and taxes will be created, until every gnarled and knotted hand is bound fast to the soil.

These are the things which the policy now pursued by the State Department at Washington is inexorably preparing for us. It admits that it is a debt-collecting agency for unsportsmanlike losers; that its main business is to support land-grabbers in foreign parts, and that it can not keep its meddlesome fingers out of any country in which an American dollar is at stake. Nay, it is proud of its functions; it daily lets loose a flood of its demands and proclamations. Citizens who protest—citizens who will have to pay—are called amateurs by the omniscient genius who presides over it. Congressmen who ask for information are told that secrecy and silence are for the public good. If there is anything more marvellous in the long history of politics from Mawworm to the sage of Marion we know it not.

SIGNS OF PROMISE.

THERE were lately two announcements within one week, of dramatic enterprises which give promise of being significant contributions to the rehabilitation of the American theatre. This paper has had occasion to comment in time past, upon the low level to which the professional drama in this country has fallen. We take especial pleasure, therefore, in recording the fact that both these enterprises are in the hands of professional stage-people; they are players' enterprises.

The first is a revival for one week of Sheridan's "The Rivals," with an all-star cast, under auspices no less distinguished than those of the Players' Club. This is the first time in its history that the Players' Club has ever undertaken a public performance, and it is an excellent time, one would think, for the Club to depart from its old tradition, for the state of the drama amply justifies such a departure; indeed, it urgently invites it. The drama in this country needs an example of distinction, the kind of distinction that only the Players' Club can give. There must inevitably inhere in this revival a quality which it would not have, could not possibly have, indeed, if it were given under any other auspices. The same cast might be brought together by another organization, even by an organization of actors; they might present the same play in much the same manner; and yet, though it would be an admirable work and one calling for gratitude and commendation, it would not be the same; something would be lacking. What that something is, it would be hard to say. It is one of those imponderabilia which play so important a rôle in human affairs. It is that

something, call it atmosphere, tradition, what one will, that the Players' Club recently refused to sacrifice by leaving the old Booth house on Gramercy Park and establishing a club-house in the theatrical district uptown. Perhaps it is something of the spirit of Edwin Booth. At any rate, we are sure it will operate to make the Club's first theatrical enterprise a distinguished and significant occasion.

The second announcement heralds an enterprise of much larger scope. When we expressed the hope, in our issue of 28 December, that the Actors' Equity Association would develop "into an actors' guild which would take hold of our theatre and see whether there could not be some effective competition with the commercial producers," we had no idea that we should so soon be called upon to congratulate that organization upon an important step in this direction. Yet the Association has just announced that it has secured a year's lease on the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, and that it will there present, during next season, at least five artistic productions, closing the season with an "Equity Festival Week," when the lesser plays of Shakespeare and works of other dramatists, ancient and modern, will be presented. The purpose of the Equity Players, Inc., as the producing organization will be called, has been defined by Mr. Frank Gillmore, Executive Secretary of the Actors' Equity Association, so clearly that we see no reason why we should try to improve upon his statement:

In the 'Equity Players' the Actors' Equity Association launches an enterprise that will, we believe, tend to increase audiences for the better class of plays. The average theatrical manager of to-day is perhaps forced to handle his enterprise on a purely commercial basis, his own tastes and preferences being subordinated to what he believes is a safe investment. If we secure the endorsement of the public in our search for better plays, a benefit will accrue not only to the public and ourselves, but in turn to that very manager. The response of the public to the work of the other groups and guilds seems to point to this conclusion. We do not wish to create the impression that we are intending to produce only literary plays, dramas obviously written for exclusive audiences. We merely hope to bring our influences to the better material which may be lying idle for lack of producers. Our Executive Board will be composed of persons well-known for their high standards of art, who are imbued with the spirit of the theatre of to-morrow, but in no wise committed to the eccentric or the bizarre.

He would be a captious critic who would quarrel with this statement of purpose. If the Equity Players carry it out, they will prove a worthy companion-group to the Theatre Guild. Indeed, in some respects their programme promises an improvement upon the Guild's practice; as for instance, in the plan to give a week of repertoire. Again, it would seem that the Equity Players have no idea of repeating the Guild's mistake of continuing uninterrupted the run of a single successful play. It is to be hoped that the temptation to profit by a pronounced popular success will not induce them to fall into this error. It is bad for the actor, it cheats the public, and it deprives serious playwrights of what might easily be their only chance to get a hearing. If the Equity Players adhere to their original plan they will avoid this pitfall, and in so doing they will have taken one more important step towards the ultimate establishment of a repertoire theatre.

Not only does such an enterprise offer an enlargement of the actor's present slight opportunity to control his own destiny, artistic as well as financial, but it promises, if it is successful, to effect a better compromise between art and commerce than our professional theatre has previously offered; and for its audiences, perhaps, a little more of æsthetic delight, which is the

legitimate purpose of art, and a little less of mere diversion, which is the purpose of the commercial theatre. It promises, we think, as Mr. Gillmore says, to train better audiences, to prepare the public taste for a better type of theatrical entertainment than the commercial theatre has, in general, had to offer. It may thus share in a distinguished way the work which the Guild has so admirably furthered, of preparing the public to support—nay, even to demand—worth-while plays, sincerely and competently produced.

No doubt the new organization will have many difficulties to face, but we hope they will not prove to be insurmountable. There will be the difficulty of finding good plays, for few are being written in these days. There will be financial difficulties and difficulties of management. We do not know how the personnel of the company is to be selected, but we should be inclined to expect that there would be a good deal of rivalry, of shoving for places, of professional jealousy, to cope with. It would be only natural. If a plumbers' union, for example, after many cramped and hungry years, should form a company for the craftsmanlike pursuit of its trade, there would inevitably be a rush of would-be participants in the undertaking, and a considerable amount of envy, jealousy and discontent among the less fortunate aspirants for places. The Equity Players, Inc., will no doubt find its greatest handicaps within its own organization; yet in spite of these handicaps it should succeed and we are sincerely hopeful that it will do so.

If it is successful, this venture should lead to similar undertakings; and it may conceivably lead to the complete reconstruction of our theatre, on the artistic side. The economic handicaps will remain; there is no denying that. The player-producers may overcome them to an extent by inducing their public to follow them to out-of-the-way theatres where rents are comparatively low. It is a melancholy fact, however, that the victim's necessity is always the landlord's opportunity. He is the one evil in our economic system that can not be eluded or beaten. While he and his exactions, direct and indirect, are with us, art, in the theatre as in other fields, must submit to considerable clipping of its wings; yet if the choice be forced, it is better to have art with its wings clipped than to have no art at all.

AN IDYLL OF THE SARDINE.

THE law governing tenement-house construction in New York City provides that no more than seventy per cent of the area of a lot may be built upon. In 1879, the law permitted the use of seventy-five per cent; and it was then that architects, competing upon a problem in sardine-packing, did a fine workmanlike job. The winning design for 1879 bore the seductive and interesting title of "Light, Air and Health," and it was supposed to pack the most sardines for the least money. It achieved this triumph by the invention of the windowless bedroom, thus profitably economizing a considerable amount of space which had formerly gone for airy-courts. This type of container was technically known as the "dumb-bell" packing-box.

Two years ago, the Reconstruction Commission of the State of New York, facing the problem of the tenement with the magnificent intrepidity that political appointees usually display, held a competition of architects on a scheme of repacking. It selected an old-law tenement-block in New York City, such as any civilized community would have condemned and demolished long ago. Yet, even at that, it was by no means the worst in the city, for only 270 rooms in the entire block

were without windows, and, thanks to the happy inspiration of "Light, Air and Health," there are plenty worse than that. The Commission invited the architects to unscramble the windowless rooms and reassemble them into something better. The architects manfully tackled the job, but they could devise no way to do a better trick in sardine-packing, except at a prohibitive cost. Quite recently too, the Phelps-Stokes Fund invited architects to another competitive test; and again the winner, by a display of ingenuity that would drive a conscientious builder into the insane-asylum, succeeded in demonstrating that the founding fathers of 1879 were right, and that the thicker you pack 'em, the more rent they will pay.

But now it is being suspected that the limit of seventy per cent, against which our philanthropic housing-organizations have protested, does not really represent good business, in spite of all that the architects have done to make it appear as such. There seems to be a growing impression that a limit of sixty per cent, with the right planning, gives not only a better tenement but a better investment. We hear that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, one of the largest lenders of money for building-purposes, will not lend on such a plan as won the prize in the Phelps-Stokes Fund competition. They insist that less land shall be covered, arguing the apparent paradox that packing 'em a little thinner is going to be a safer investment, and they propose to test their theory by building forty houses. This experiment will be worth watching. We propose to let our philanthropic and uplifting friends watch its results as expressed in the health and morals of the tenement-population, and we ourselves will watch its results as expressed in terms of land-prices. We seem to recall that when the Tempelhoferfeld, on the outskirts of Berlin, was town-planned for tenements, the first plan, which contemplated the erection of five-story buildings, set up a land-price of nearly \$80 million. A second plan, which proposed two-story buildings, reduced the land-price to less than \$10 million; but the first plan carried. Twenty years ago, a lot measuring twenty-five by one hundred feet figured in New York at about \$5000, or some such matter, and now it is "worth" from twice to three times as much. What will it be worth twenty years hence?

There is diversion of a mild type in studying the devices which have been contrived to make sardine-packing really something of a fine art. The main invariable elements in the packing-box are walls, floors, ceilings, windows and doors; but there have been introduced as well the most ingenious and extraordinary space-saving combinations, both for use and ornament, that could be imagined. There is the disappearing folding-bed; the disappearing dining-table, with cupboard attachment; and so on, all the way to the revolving central platform, by which corners quite different in character may be introduced into the same room. The sardine presses a button, and the dining-room corner appears, or the bedroom corner. Again, he can bring in the library corner, the music room, or den, or reception-room corner. Thus, in the effort to make sardine-packing cheaper, there has developed the magnificent industrial movement towards standardization; the movement to which Mr. Hoover has lately given the momentum of his authority. No doubt it was needed. In the matter of bricks and lumber, nails and screws, panes and hinges, joists and studs, shingles and pipe, and all the host of accessories invented in the progress of the sardine-packing industry, there has doubtless developed a useless and wasteful miscellany of shapes and sizes. No doubt, as Mr. Hoover says, too much

is wasted in catering to architects' whims, manufacturers' fancies, and traditional trade-practices. To acknowledge all this is one thing, however, and to be foolish enough to believe that we can save the waste by standardization is quite another. The saving is promptly devoured, as we intimated a moment ago, by the rise in land-values; the landlord gets it. Thus, all the devices ever invented to make sardine-packing cheaper have always had the same result as far as cost is concerned, and so will all that are to be invented hereafter, even if Mr. Hoover gets the industry as elaborately standardized as one of Mr. Henry Ford's factories. The reader need not take our word for it; in fact, we would rather he did not. If he will merely keep his own eye on the situation, he will see it for himself.

In our general survey of this subject, we remark with satisfaction that some of the possibilities of standardization hitherto overlooked, are coming to the fore. It is apparently being noted that all sardines are not of the same size, and that their family unit is not of the same size. Why, then, specify invariably, say, an eight-foot ceiling, when clearly a four-foot sardine could do perfectly well with a six-foot pitch, or even one of five-feet-six? Something of the kind seems to have dawned upon the imagination of the Philadelphia Real-Estate Board, which is now, we understand, about to invite architects to a new study in packing-devices. Its present proposal is quite on the right track, and has the merit of beginning where all others have been leaving off. Let us examine it.

For many years Philadelphia has been known as the city of homes. The title has been justly bestowed, for in no other large city in the country has so large a percentage of the population lived in individual and commodious houses. But there is now a well-marked tendency to surrender this inestimable advantage, and to adopt as a standard the three-room flat, increased sometimes by the addition of a kitchen or a kitchen-cabinet. The Philadelphia Real-Estate Board believes that we are facing a serious situation, and calls upon the architects to collaborate with them to the end that the evil may be forestalled. The answer does not lie alone in skilful design. The problems must be broadly stated in terms of human existence.

The progress is simple. A group of houses must be planned on a city square, 400 x 400. The families living in this group may be divided into three classes.

(1) Two parents and male and female children, the youngest of whom is ten years old. This group will form sixty per cent of the total.

(2) Two parents and two male or female children, the youngest of whom is ten years old. This group will form twenty per cent of the total.

(3) Two parents with infant children. This group will form twenty per cent of the total.

The restrictions placed upon the design are as follows:

The rental value of each unit of habitation is not to exceed twelve and one-half per cent of its cost.

The rent is not to exceed twenty-five per cent of the earning-capacity of the family. This figure is to be named in the competition.

The design based upon a low earning-capacity will receive special consideration.

It must be at once apparent that this classification of families opens many and various opportunities for standardization; for from mere numbers, the imagination of these intelligent Philadelphian real-estate surely can not fail to pass promptly to a consideration of physical dimensions. We foresee that in this new and highly practical working out of natural selection, or the survival of the fittest, the advantage will steadily

be in favour of the short, fat sardine. It can not be otherwise; for shortness means low ceilings, which reduce wall-costs. Fatness means wide doors and windows, and these again mean reduced wall-costs; while the problem of the bath can be settled out of hand by equipping the tenements with showers only, and a great virtue made of this arrangement withal, by showing that the bathtub is unsanitary and ineffectual. Some decades hence, beyond peradventure, no pair of sardines will dream of so uneconomical, unstandardized and contumacious a performance as the bringing forth of long and thin progeny. The problem seems about to pass from the architects to the eugenisists. One thing only may happen to abort the development which we have here seen in prospect; and that is that the facts about land-tenure in New York and Philadelphia may come to be generally understood.

ENGLAND'S AMERICAN SUMMER.

WE hummed about Chelsea and Westminster and Bloomsbury last summer as thick as a flight of gnats, we Americans. There was hardly an effigy of importance in the political, social, and literary worlds who was not forced at one time or another to drop his impassive cordiality and wave his hands with the blind gesture of desperation that only gnats can provoke. I arrived in London a little before the American cloud and departed a little behind it, and I can vouch for the fact that various eminences and sub-eminences were distinctly weary of the invasion: they had been worn away by attrition. This was especially true of those who had been to America recently, and who felt that they must make due return for American hospitality. They had overlooked the statistical objection to any attempt to give measure for measure, namely: that whereas the Englishmen visiting America in the winter may be counted by the dozens, the Americans visiting England—with amiably gilt-edged notes of introduction—could be told only in centuries. A. was one of the chief butts of the Americans who were interested in labour, because of his position in the Labour-Research Bureau. I remember encountering him on Belgrave Road late one summer night, and noting even in the dim twilight that he was looking unutterably weary. I asked him whether the strain of work had been too much for him that day. "No," he answered, with a dour grin, "but the ten Americans who wanted to 'learn all about the Bureau' were!"

F. warned me before leaving for England not to look for American hospitality in his mother country. "Nobody is going to invite you to his home the first time he meets you in London," F. said specifically. "It isn't done, you know; and I don't want you to be disappointed." As it turned out, F. was both wrong and right. Almost from the first day I arrived in London, invitations to dine at home followed frequently after an introductory meeting, especially if this took place in the Association where I was a guest. In each case, however, it turned out that the man who invited me was not an authentic British Islander: he had travelled a good deal, had had Colonial or American experience, or was of foreign extraction. To this rule there was only one exception, Dr. P., a man whose distinction on Harley Street is surpassed only by his eminence as a human being. Occasionally one does discover a naked human being—even in England. Usually, alas! one meets a reputation, a badge, a figure, a sign, a vested interest. A half hour with Lord B. gave me the notion that he was probably a human being—but then, he had made his reputation in America!

The contemporary novelists have done very well by England, and the experiences of a foreign visitor can be little more than foot-notes and interleaved illustrations to their reports. But the work which penetrates to the heart of the existing social system is Shaw's "Pygmalion." One can not be in England six months without feeling that the stability of English political institutions and the persistence of a notorious social oligarchy in the midst of a curiously genuine political democracy—I am not referring to parliamentary "democracy"—is explicable in terms of speech. Almost from the moment you inhale your first breath you are stamped by your speech as the member of a certain class and section of the community; and although the council schoolmasters may attempt to iron it out of you, and although you may do brilliantly in scholarship and get a free ticket to Oxford, you are branded for life as one of the "not quite" gentle-

men; and every time you open your mouth you feel the chill of distance from those who have been born near Berkeley or Belgrave Square. If you are a North Countryman the handicap is not so grave, for you are blessed with a dialect; but if you are a southerner you are damned, because you are simply cursed with a defect. Speech is obviously the chief characteristic of public deportment; and it is by knowing how to behave with suave assurance under all circumstances, under the public eye, that the ruling classes maintain an unabashed supremacy. This supremacy is vitiated but not actually undermined by the insurgence of the working classes. M. pointed out a Bolshevik speaker at the Nelson monument. "He talks about dumping the King and the court and the House of Lords into the Thames," M. said, "and while he is speaking to his equals his sense of bitterness and distress makes him feel that way; and he talks, as you would say in America, just like a man. But if the King should happen to come along here the Bolshy's spirit would curdle, and something would go wrong with his backbone. A respectful attitude towards one's betters and a contemptuous attitude towards one's inferiors is what the council schools and the public schools inculcate respectively in the ruled and their rulers. The class-consciousness of the British worker is an index of that fact; for it is a social class-consciousness as well as a political class-consciousness; and the very existence of the first will prevent the second from becoming dangerous for a long time to come, in all probability, unless the ruling classes prove more recalcitrant and stupid than they have been in the past. The real revolution in England will come about when flower girls learn to speak like duchesses. That isn't a matter of Parliamentary elections or general strikes. Read 'Pygmalion!'" M. exaggerated, of course; but if Nikolai Lenin wishes to know precisely what it was that put the brakes on the English social revolution, let him consult a phonetician.

The freshest thinking I came across in England was not being done in labour-circles or orthodox academic circles at all, but in the little group of uneven talents that centres around Branford and Geddes in the Sociological Society. Unfortunately, they are poor in productivity; and some of them are exhausted by the demands of business and practical reform. The result is that they have not made the dent in the intellectual world that their pioneering in the social sciences should have produced. Unfortunately, too, they are inveterate critics of the conventional order of things in the reactionary, liberal, and revolutionary circles alike; and so what little attention they have attracted has increased the animus against them. They seem to know too much; and, what is worse, the things they do know do not strike the conventional mind as knowledge. A ferment is slowly working here, however; and though Branford and Geddes may never live to see it, I have an idea that their school, or some avatar of it, will be one of the most important influences during the next half century, especially as soon as people realize that Geddes is probably the most remarkable systematic thinker since Leibniz, and the most fertile since Leonardo. How soon will that be realized? Not among Geddes's older contemporaries, I warrant—and yet even to-day one can detect his influence in a dozen unsuspected places. To-morrow his thoughts will be spawning and reproducing in India, Palestine, and America.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION.

A New Manifesto.

YOUTH has always been regarded both as a physical fact and as a spiritual state, but to-day it must also be regarded as a form of disease. We all know what it means as a physical fact: growth, puberty, the first shave, wisdom teeth, and all those stigmata of the body which preserve their perennial charm for men and women. But the spiritual state is almost as easily recognizable. We recognize its more superficial meaning when we say that "a man is as old as he feels," or that Theodore Roosevelt was never old and Woodrow Wilson never young. But in a deeper sense there is an ideal element of our youth which we carry with us through life and which never becomes old. In this sense youth is as precious as our very life-blood, an eternal possession that can and must be preserved

against all the assaults of time; for it is in this sense that we are all poets, in this sense that we are creators and lovers of art.

The poet ceases to be a poet pure and simple when he outlives this spiritual state of youth, for poetry by its very nature is youth, not in the chronological but in the spiritual sense, the carrying on of that fresh vision of life which all of us preserve through life in varying degrees. The "Divine Comedy" is a profound poem written by a man who was no longer physically young; but what makes it a poem and not a treatise on philosophy is that Dante has preserved this spiritual state of youth which we call art or imagination, and which he has matured and enriched by experience and reflection but has never outgrown. This is in fact the general fate of men, for youth grows slowly into a realization of its own intrinsic wonders, and the great works of the imagination are seldom if ever created by men who are physically young. Yet art is youth, and thought maturity, even though there may be old men who are flighty and fanciful, and young men who are thoughtful and well-poised. Art is youth, and judgment is maturity; and this is why it is impossible to expect art from those who have passed out of the spiritual state of youth or criticism from those who have not attained the spiritual state of maturity.

This is the spiritual youth to which we are all born and which nourishes a part of our inner life so long as we do not let it die. Physical youth is a fragile and ephemeral thing, and this is the imperishable part of it. But what shall we say of those who think that the fragile and ephemeral moment of physical youth is everything, that it is not merely the whole of reality but the sole test of excellence? What shall we say of the fashionable theory of our day that all art and all wisdom are the products of physical youth, that nothing is good unless men now young have done it or like it, that everything in the world is bad because it is the product of elder statesmen or old artists, and that therefore the test of ideas is not truth or the test of art, excellence, but the only test for both is "modernity"? This is not the healthy exuberance of youth "feeling its oats," or that equally healthy mingling of disdain and respect which is the normal attitude of young men towards their elders in all ages. This is a form of disease—if not the disease of those unfortunates who imagine themselves Emperors of India or Queens of France, at all events a disease akin to that of the impotent for whom a constant and irritable sense of rebellion takes the place of achievement, or the disease of the intellectualist who strives to make up for his artistic emptiness by the purely intellectual creation of "new forms." In this sense it is a disease from which men have suffered at all times; but in the narrower sense, as an attribute and as a special theory of youth, it is a disease of our own time, confined to a somewhat narrow and unorganized but very articulate group.

In an era like the present, which is giving itself up more and more to abstractions and classifications rather than to realities, it is natural that the disease should take the form of dividing men according to another abstract classification. The phrase which this *morbus gallicus* has coined for its victims, *les jeunes*, matches such popular formulæ as "labour," "the proletariat," "the public," and "the consumer." Indeed, the group of *les jeunes* is as "age-conscious" as certain groups of workmen are "class-conscious." The first group limits life in its totality to a brief period of time, while the second sums up the whole of man's spiritual nature in terms of the economic moment of the spirit; and both voluntarily isolate themselves from that profound unity of thought

without which life can not yield up its highest secrets or achieve its noblest aims.

We need not wonder that these Davids are determined to destroy that Goliath, the Past. Never has humanity been moved by so deep a sense of failure, and its weariness of the past is weariness at its inability to solve its own inner problems. But this is the last way in which it can hope to solve them. For there is no past except the past that we love or hate: this past really lives for us, whether we love it or hate it; the only past that does not exist for us at all is the past we have forgotten and neither hate nor love. But if it lives for us it is no longer a past but a present; and the larger that present, the larger will be our own lives. To deny it is to deny our very selves, where alone it has its being. To limit our knowledge of it is therefore to circumscribe not the past but the present, to limit life itself in its deepest and richest sense. To hate not the past or the present, but an abstraction of which we know nothing and which we vaguely label "the past," is to mistake windmills for giants, and to limit even the horizon of our hates. No, we are not solving any problems, but merely escaping from them, when with a single careless gesture we dismiss "the past," and espouse the vague shibboleth of "modernity." It is six hundred years since Dante died, and the "Divine Comedy" means far more to us to-day than it did to Dante's contemporaries. It lives not because it was ever "modern," for it never was, but because it is a great poet's vision of the life of man. "To seek modernity in art is to seek modernity and not art." We sneer at the rich men who discuss pictures in terms of the money paid for them; but the test of chronology is no more artistic than the test of price.

This craving for "modernity" is the fruit of the spirit of revolt that has reigned in our literature for a dozen years. I myself foresaw and approved of the revolt, even before I lectured on "The New Criticism" in 1910. It was necessary to destroy the academic dry rot that was undermining the creative and intellectual spirit of the nation. It was necessary to rid ourselves of the last remnants of the older American "moralism" in thought and taste and action. It was necessary to destroy, not discipline, character, morals, imagination, beauty, freedom, but the sterile forms which were made to serve instead of these realities. Not by making a faith of these dead forms can we breathe the breath of a new life into the soul of man, but only by ridding ourselves of their spiritual burden, so that the spirit of life may once more be unhampered in the search for truth and beauty. And now the day of Revolt for Revolt's Sake is over. For the "dissociation of ideas" is only the first, the crudest, the easiest step in the solving of human problems. To destroy a Bastille is not to build a city; and we who have destroyed many Bastilles must now turn to men who can answer our new question: What city of the spirit shall we build, and how? Destructivism is the excess that grows out of the need of destruction, as licence out of liberty or Puritanism out of morals. And so I, who once called upon young men for rebellion and doubt, now call upon them for thought and faith.

For the "disease" of this small body of young men, this narrow group of *les jeunes*, is not an isolated thing. It is part of a long period of suffering through which the world has been going for a century or more, and of which the world-war is a mere incident, though it may serve the unseeing as a climax and a symbol. The name of this world-epidemic is Materialism. The very same urge that makes *les jeunes* test art by physical age makes materialists, under the

name of positivism, pragmatism, or neo-realism, conceive of philosophy not as a self-creative and independent science of thought, but as merely one, and a very subordinate one, among the empirical sciences. The same outlook accounts for the wide currency of Bergsonian "intuitionism" and Freudian "instinctivism," with their contempt for the claims of the intellect; the same outlook makes men drape religion in the empty trappings of sociology, and evolve a mild and material code of conduct after the fashion of Confucianism as a substitute for the infinite riches of thought and faith; the same outlook drives men to accept tamely the dry bones of political liberalism or radicalism as an interpretation of life in its totality. It is this philosophy of materialism which has made us believe that the whole of life can be summed up in some single side of life—the economic side, the physical side, the psychological side. It is this outlook which divides the world. For the distinction between radicals and conservatives is as old-fashioned as that between monarchists and republicans, nominalists and realists, Platonists and Aristotelians, Jacobins and Girondists. Beyond mere sects, beyond political divisions, there is a larger field of combat. There is only one real division to-day that has any reality, and that is the difference between an old-fashioned materialism and a new idealism.

Americans have a very vague and very queer conception of the meaning of idealism. For them it serves to cover a multitude of men and a multitude of sins. Plato was an "idealist," Woodrow Wilson is an "idealist," a man who gives money to French charities is an "idealist." In fact, all Americans are "idealists." But the word means none of these things. Its meaning is simple. It divides those who seek truth inside the spirit of man from those who seek it outside. And only on the basis of what is inside us can we build up that creative energy of thought and faith which the world has lost, and with it its happiness.

The chief championship of this outlook on life has passed to Italy, where there is an outburst of Modern Idealism that can be compared only with that which gave Kant and Hegel, Goethe and Schiller, to Germany, or if you will, that which gave Jesus to Judea, or Spinoza to Holland. It is in Italy that we must now go to school, not because its thinkers have found eternal truth, but because they can guide us to a new knowledge of the meaning of life which we can make our own. For if they may not give us eternal verities, they can teach us again the language of thought, which we have forgotten. When I gave a work of one of these modern Italian idealists to a young friend of mine, he said that he could hardly fix his mind on it because it contained a vocabulary that he had never learned or had forgotten. He was used to discussing art and philosophy in terms of that crude economic, political, biological, and psychological jargon which is the earmark of our old-fashioned materialism—"radicalism," "liberalism," "socialism," "democracy," "repressions," "the unconscious," "social reform," "evolution," "heredity," "environment"—the same muddy puddle in which poor Mr. Max Eastman has recently searched for light on the humorous art of the world. But in this Italian work such words either did not appear or were given a subordinate place as belonging outside the realm of art or thought. To my young friends words like "art," "thought," "the spirit," "the economic movement of the spirit," "ideal expression," "faith," "freedom," "spiritual discipline," seemed vague and "unscientific." Man instinctively gropes for some anchor, for some guide to deeper reali-

ties, in a word, for some religion; and intelligent youth can not accept religion in the crudest of all its forms, the blind, unreasoning faith of the scientist in an inexorable external Nature, instead of sharing in the higher struggles with truth of the philosopher and the seer.

It would be absurd to deny the empirical value of such sciences as economics or chemistry; and I have still less desire to cast slurs on medicine and psychology, for I have reason to be grateful to both. But whatever value they may have on the plane of our practical lives, they must be left behind when we enter the realm of spiritual values; on the ideal planes of art and thought they have no place. The scientist must leave behind him his professional outlook in the search for truth and beauty, as completely as the stockbroker must leave *his* behind in the search for religion. This is the lesson that young America must learn if it would free itself from the bondage of its restless and homeless life. It must learn once more to speak and to think in terms of ideal values. It must acquire a new vocabulary, or, if you will, it must take those old words that once meant so much to men and breathe the breath of life into them—those words that are empty for us only because *we* are empty of the thought that should be poured into them. We can acquire a new vocabulary only by acquiring a new life.

J. E. SPINGARN.

ON DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS.

IN these days of national revivals, when long-ignored races, from Abyssinians to Zulus, awake from their slumber on the pages of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and organize propaganda-services on a world-wide scale, it would be a pity if the cause of the most harshly oppressed and exploited race in the world were to remain unchampioned. I refer, of course, to the race whose members are somewhat vaguely described by American newspapers as "distinguished foreigners." Their forlorn misery touches my heart, and I have decided to break a lance for them.

The principal trouble with Distinguished Foreigners is that they have no collective intelligence, no group-consciousness. Individually not uncivilized, and, indeed, often possessed of a remarkable degree of refinement, they are politically on the level of the illiterate Cossack who, when asked whether he was a Russian or a Ukrainian, replied that he was neither—that he was Orthodox. Their lack of political spirit goes hand in hand with a complete economic helplessness. As a class they are absolutely inarticulate. There is no group of labour so atrociously overworked and underpaid, toiling under less favourable conditions for longer hours. But that is only natural. They have evolved no instrument of group-protection. They have no trade unions. The organizers of the A. F. of L. despise them as mere intellectuals, and even that omnipresent protector of the chronic under-dog, the I. W. W., passes them up as being too obviously washed. Organized charity alone among the agencies of social help ever befriends them, but not without exacting its pound of flesh. They have to pay for every kind word and every bowl of soup a tenfold price by performing menial tasks such as long-distance hand-shaking, speech-making, and figuring as patrons or patronesses on lists made up of ex-brewers and breweresses from Milwaukee and shoelace-manufacturers from Yellow Springs, Ohio.

We pity the poor Russian aristocrat at Moscow who is compelled by the Soviet to sweep the streets, and to accept his pay in freshly-churned paper roubles

worth a nickel a troughful. But we have no pangs of sympathy for the poor British, French or Italian notable who seeks our shores, replete with ideas about American liberty and democracy and equality of opportunity, a victim of Mr. George Creel's war-time advertising-campaign; and who, immediately on landing, is grabbed by our ruthless industrial magnates and compelled to earn his expensively engraved meal-ticket—his only pay—by drudging sixteen hours at a stretch, telling all who care to buttonhole him that America is the greatest country in the world, that American women are the prettiest, American men the cleverest, American universities the best, American symphonies superior to those of Beethoven, and so forth. Nor is it merely that he is overworked and underpaid and humiliated. His is a dangerous trade. Wood alcohol does not often claim him as a casualty, but American banquets are apt to turn him into a lifelong patron of Carlsbad; and the necessity of hiding his injuries by assuring the host that American cuisine is the best in the world often induces vengeance-neuroses compared with which the wrath of Clytemnestra is like an April shower.

There are good reasons why peoples, like individuals, should brag most loudly about qualities which they do not possess. If you play a bad game of golf you are likely to promote mortality among your friends with unending stories of your exploits on the green, not so much to deceive them as to bolster up your own self-respect. One of the pet delusions of Americans is that they are a tolerant people. This, of course, is part and parcel of their inheritance—lineal descendant of the great Puritan superstition that Protestantism stands for freedom of conscience, when in reality it stands for the tyranny of conscience. Now it is true that Americans, as a people, are tolerant in many respects—tolerant of nuisances, for example. But if one analyses the thing one discovers that they usually tolerate nuisances that they regard as inevitable and in the nature of things, like Tammany Hall and subway-guards; or else nuisances that do not annoy them very much—that, indeed, many of them find amusing, like street-noises and Sunday comic supplements. As a matter of fact, this is not tolerance at all, but only patience at the best, sheepishness and lack of sensibility at the worst.

The only kind of tolerance, of course, which really counts is tolerance of adverse or dissenting opinion; and, in this virtue, Americans, as a people, are markedly deficient. This kind of tolerance is part of the wisdom that follows with age; and it is not in its vigour but in its lack of tolerance that America most clearly manifests that youth which, in the words of Oscar Wilde, is its oldest tradition. Tolerance, also, is inseparable from a sense of safety, from assurance of one's position; it is more often found in aristocrats than in *nouveaux riches*.

When in the late war the commander of the dreaded German raider, Emden, was captured by the Austrians and led as a prisoner through the streets of Colombo, the English residents showered flowers upon him. In an American town he would have been lynched, as likely as not. Some time ago Mr. Arthur Henderson, the British labour-leader who had been defeated in the great Victory Election, stood for Parliament in a by-election. The *Spectator*—Tory among Tories—commented on the event in a paragraph running approximately like this: "Of course nobody will accuse us of agreeing with Mr. Henderson's politics, but we believe that in these days the nation needs in Parliament a man of his ability, experience and character."

There you have the quintessence of England. When the *New York Times* shall commend in the same spirit, the candidacy of Eugene V. Debs for Senator from Indiana, then, and not before then, will it be possible to speak of tolerance as an American virtue.

But American intolerance appears not only in a refusal to listen to, let alone appreciate, dissent and adverse criticism. That is merely its negative side. Its positive side manifests itself in the great national industry of extracting favourable opinion; and it is here that that wretched creature, the Distinguished Foreigner, enters the field, as a distinct and irreplaceable economic asset.

Some one has said that for the foreigner one of the chief beauties of living in London is that he is under no obligation whatsoever to be pro-English. But then, no Englishman is under the obligation to be pro-English—witness the list of "antis" from Charles James Fox to Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Even Mr. Lloyd George once was pro-Boer, though he may not like being reminded of it. Now, Americans have a very definite idea that a foreigner living, or even visiting, in America is under the obligation to be pro-American; and to most Americans this means not only a moral, but a legal obligation as well. In contrast to this attitude, suppose a foreigner visiting England, or Denmark, or Italy, tells an educated Englishman, or Dane, or Italian, as the case may be, that all is not as it should be in the country, and proceeds to enumerate the evils and deficiencies that have come to his notice. The educated Englishman or Dane or Italian will listen with a patient smile, and say in the end: "But my dear fellow, you are much too optimistic. You don't know half of it." He will then proceed to enumerate a supplementary list of grievances which the visitor has either not time to discover, or has lacked courage to mention.

It is not, of course, that the American is patriotic and the Englishman or Dane or Italian is not. It does not even settle the problem to say that his is a different kind of patriotism. That is mere nomenclature. The difference is determined by the fundamental divergence of purpose and method in American and European education. Broadly speaking, in Europe higher education aims at developing processes of judgment, or, in other words, the critical habit; whereas in America education consists in imparting certain fixed ideas—in storing facts. For example, the European tendency in teaching the history of art is towards enabling one to *guess* that a painting belongs to the later Milanese school; while the American tendency is towards enabling one to *know* that it is by, say, Bernardino Luini. The former is a matter of judging; the latter, of memorizing. You may remember your data or you may forget them—it makes little difference. The American ideal of the cultured person is our old friend Mr. David M. Roth, the celebrated acquaintance of Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

Nowhere is this American lack of the critical habit more conspicuous than in the field of politics. It was an American who coined the phrase about eternal vigilance being the price of liberty; but his countrymen, inveterate sentimentalists, are loth to pay that price, and trust that eternal repetition of the phrase itself will turn the trick. Americans, in fact, are less vigilant politically than any other Western race. They are taught to believe that in 1776 the Fathers pronounced the last word in human freedom, and that in 1787 the framers of the Constitution built a temple-fortress of democracy that will last for ever. All that succeeding generations need do is to sit tight, make money and cheer the flag on 4 July. There is a great variety of

reasons why the critical attitude to their own country is ingrained in educated Europeans and totally lacking in most educated Americans. Europeans study history as a maze of processes and developments; Americans, obsessed with their love of the short cut, study history as a chart of results. The result is that Europeans know history and Americans do not. Then there is the geographic facility of comparison. The German looks across the border and sees France; the Dane looks across the border and sees Germany. But the Nebraskan looks across the border and sees Kansas—wherefore much will be forgiven unto him. But whatever the reasons, their effect on the American mind is plain. Unwilling to form criticism, Americans are just as unwilling to listen to it. What they crave is flattery.

Now, it is this great American demand for flattery that attracts the supply of Distinguished Foreigners, one of the most indispensable importations of the cultural (so to speak) market. What the Foreigner is distinguished by, does not greatly matter. If he, or she, have a title, it is well; if he be an author or scientist, it is well, too; if he be an author who also bears a hereditary title, it is still better; but it is best, perhaps, if he have a title and an official position. For some of the unofficial victims balk every now and then, though most are broken in quickly enough to the routine of saying pleasant inanities. But a titled foreigner in an official position—an ambassador, a minister, a commissioner, or what not—is the easiest quarry of all; for he is bound, not only by the conventional courtesy of his class and his obligations as a guest, but also by considerations of State. The unofficial person is merely tied hand and foot. He is helpless, but he may offer passive resistance. For the official visitor there is no escape.

But being sweated, jostled, exploited, trampled upon by his employer, American Philistinedom, does not exhaust the list of iniquities which the Distinguished Foreigner has to endure. Before he is allowed to leave these, alas! so confoundedly hospitable shores, he is ambushed and manhandled by the American intelligentsia. He is treated as if he were the originator, and not the victim, of the American inferiority-complex; as if he were a cause and not an effect. If he do as he is expected to, if he live up to his job and limit himself to the utterance of jowl-tickling platitudes, he is scoffed at as a parasite, a sycophant, an intellectual prostitute. If he try to break his fetters and attempt frank criticism he is denounced as an ingrate and a snob, a contract-breaker, as one who bites the hand that feeds him. He is stripped of whatever vestiges of self-respect the cheers of Rotarians and women's clubs leave him, by the jeers of the highbrow clan, those hat-check pirates of the restaurant of American culture.

To remedy the evil of which the economic exploitation of the Distinguished Foreigner is merely a surface symptom, one would have to strike at its root. Simply putting an embargo on the importation of foreign flatterers would no more obviate the demand for foreign flattery than the prohibition of saloons has obviated the demand for whisky. Americans will be dependent on the courteous commonplaces of the Distinguished Foreigner as long as they do not possess a genuine cultural consciousness. To attain that consciousness is a comparatively simple process; it resembles the method of growing lawns, once described by an English gardener: "You roll it and water it, and roll it and water it again, and if you go on like that for a few hundred years you will have a very nice lawn." For the Distinguished Foreigner there is but one expedient, short

of keeping out of God's own country. He can avenge himself by writing a book about America when he gets home. Most Distinguished Foreigners do.

EUGENE S. BAGGER.

THE LURE OF THE LAND.

It was many years ago that I presented my tall hat to the dustman, and begged him to wear it in remembrance of me at funerals and on other solemn occasions. I shook the dust of the city from off my feet, for I was at last about to embark upon the great adventure of my life. I did not leave shod in sandals, as I believe is the custom of townsmen who are in quest of the Simple Life in Arcadia; instead, I bought the stoutest pair of hobnailed boots that I could get hold of, had my foot fitted for a digging-iron by the blacksmith, and gave an order to an old dame in the remote hill village to make me a smock-frock for the sum of three shillings, plus a brace of rabbits.

William Sharp, the poet, left a London bank at the compelling call of the cuckoo, and left it for good. I think it was the jubilant chuckle of the yaffle which stirred my pulse towards the open road, though beneath that note I heard, too, the undersong of country life and work murmurous of the lowing kine and the hum of the honey bee; for as I could not afford to play the vagabond, I had to envisage a homestead around me which would flow with both milk and honey.

Like most Englishmen, I hated the thralldom of city life. I hated its deadly, soul-killing, monotonous respectability, its miles of stifling mean streets stretching out into a suburbia where houses ornamented with red tiles, trying to be gay, grinned at you, as it were, with toothless gums. In town I was like a sailor confined to a ship which never leaves the dry-dock.

The hideousness of respectability was not the only thing that fretted my soul. There is something tragically inhuman about London life. I felt that I was in the grip of some monster machine, relentlessly using me up. I wanted to create something with my own hands, from beginning to end—something vital to the community. Just as the poet is filled with the passion to create a sonnet and fashion it into perfect symmetry, so I wanted to grow a cabbage from the sowing of the seed to the gathering of the great white heart.

It is true that I wanted to feel the wind on the heath, to listen to the yaffle, and invite my soul, as Walt Whitman would say; but I knew I should have to cultivate something more than beans as Thoreau did to earn a livelihood; certainly more than the "nine bean rows" of Mr. W. B. Yeats, and "a hive for the honey bee."

Like many another townsman, I sought Arcadia on the magic wheel, week after week. This I did for eight years, looking for my few acres and a cottage; but most of the picturesque cottages were farm-tied, many were insanitary, and all, without exception, had but a strip of earth for a garden, which as often as not was a slice of the roadside-waste. Whenever I was lured by an advertisement of a house and a few acres, I generally found some land ornamented with shrubs, surrounding a mansion with a paddock for the carriage-horses. There were pleasure-farms in abundance, places where pupils with guns over their shoulders killed time under pretence of farming. These were not what I was in search of, though sometimes in a spirit of adventure I would pursue a land-agent's direction to the bitter end. In particular do I remember the search I had for a small fruit-farm which boasted of a trout-stream. How I laughed over that same trout-stream, when at last I found the farmstead, four miles from the station instead of two as advertised. The trout-stream was merely the roadside-ditch which trickled through the corner of a bed of strawberries overgrown with couch grass.

It seemed impossible to find a few acres unencumbered with a large house and a large rent; so at last, after eight years of vain search, I rashly bought, for a mere song,

a few acres of rank Essex clay, close to the shores of Blackwater. Tolstoy had stirred me by his book "What Is to Be Done?" and I had ever in front of me Thoreau's "Walden"; but fortunately an innate caution prevented me at that time from burning all my boats.

From the point of view of immediate, material success, the experiment was a failure; but I came to regard it as an illuminating failure, for the hundred odd pounds I spent on it was a premium paid to teach me what was vital to me afterwards. My beans were blighted, my potatoes diseased, my apple trees ruined by rabbits, and the wheelbarrow I had specially built of oak was so large and heavy that it had to be turned upside-down and regretfully converted into a duck-house. The duck-pond, which a friend and I spent a fortnight in digging, was dug in vain, for not a solitary duck would swim in so clean a bath, when there was another pond in an adjacent field—not my own—redolent of green slime and thick with succulent weeds. Brick-making was an industry which did not attract me; otherwise I should have made bricks with the clay.

It was not until another seven years had passed that I completely burned my boats. That was when I bought sixteen acres, with five more added since, in a southern county, in sight of a heather-clad hill behind which the western sun dips with burnished splendour. There was nothing for it but to build my cottage on this hill-top holding horizoned by woods, save where the long line of the downs stretches across the skies like greyhounds in full career, as Meredith says, sometimes robed in blue, sometimes in purple, and at times shrouded in gossamer mist, or with brooding clouds which, when uplifted at the call of the sun on an early spring morning, reveal themselves radiant with the vivid emerald of the larch.

There was no going back now. I had thrown up my post. I was rapidly sinking my little capital in the great venture of the open country. By some means I should have to wrest a living from the soil. There was no nest-egg to fall back upon, no private income with which to butter my bread. I had got down to the bedrock of existence. Now I should feel the exhilaration of contending with Nature, of winning bread from the bare earth, and of knowing the joy of creating something with my own hands and of completing that which I had fashioned.

My land was bare of everything save grass, hedges and trees, when I bought it, and I was determined that by the time the cottage was built in March there should be something more beautiful than little shivering fruit-trees to greet my eye; so in the fall of the year I dabbled into the banks and the headlands thousands of bulbs. The daffodil and the *poeticus ornatus* were there to shine like stars. I had set my heart on the *poeticus ornatus* even though later on oxen should chew the cud of contemplation amongst these fields of asphodel.

At this point my stock, excepting three acres of fruit-trees, consisted almost entirely of works on agriculture; and my agricultural library threatened to become so large that the holding was in imminent danger of being buried under piles of ponderous tomes.

As soon as our cottage was built and the walls distempered, I hung in the kitchen over the sink where I washed my hands after manual labour, a copy of Burne-Jones's picture of Adam digging. I hung it there to urge me to further efforts with the spade when my spirits flagged, although I always think that poor Adam looks as if he were about to meet his death, like Saul, with intent, upon the shaft of an implement that could only tickle the surface of the soil.

I wanted to rear calves and pigs and poultry rather than to dig; I wanted above all to surround my cottage with a gorgeous orchard of apple trees planted by my own hands, which would break into pink and white blossoms in May. The quicker, rhythmic movements of manual labour appeal to me more than either digging or hoeing—sowing seed broadcast, swinging a scythe in the lush grass, reaping with a hook, or pitching hay into a wagon. Hoeing never fascinated me any more than digging, and

I had at first severely to discipline myself to the monotonous stroke of the hoe upon stony ground. I had to give more than one look at Millet's "The Man with the Hoe" to bring myself into line with the great brotherhood of toilers.

There is, however, one intellectual advantage in digging, and that is the opportunity it gives one to think—to think aloud if one is so inclined, under wide skies where life can be free of the trammels of convention. From the freshly turned earth subtle essences arise and enter one's being, and it is then that thought takes wing. Yet overmuch digging is not stimulating; it induces mental drowsiness, and as the body flags the mind sinks to the clay.

I did not lack advice freely given me—by townsmen. Countrymen are slow to give advice; they only look on, smiling indulgently. You must keep rabbits, said a man who spent his days in making boots. There was money in rabbits. Get a pair of Belgian hares to start with, he told me; convert Tate sugar-boxes into hutches, and hey presto! in two years time you will have thousands of rabbits!

Another friend, who had a more thrifty turn of mind, and was as keen as mustard on the art of getting something out of nothing, advocated goats. You see, he said, they will eat anything, any mortal thing, and will convert all your waste products into milk. Well, I have tried goats; and, upon my honour as a voracious chronicler in Arcadia, one goat consumed in a few hours a handsome plum tree, as well as the thick scaffold-rope by which he had been tethered. Goats are excellent livestock for the townsman who is ordered into the country when afflicted with melancholia or insomnia. One goat alone will keep him fully occupied all day long, and he will find its doings so varied and fascinating that after a hard day's work as goatherd he will sleep the sleep of the just.

As to rabbits, they came to me uninvited; and on one frosty winter's night, after my tender fruit-trees had just been planted, they came in such numbers that they gnawed to death seventy-two trees and injured many others.

What pleased me about my holding was that part of it was hilly and another part low-lying, even marshy. To the east of the three-acre fruit-plantation, across a high hedge of hazel, ash and blackthorn, is the ten-acre meadow called Hillfield. You get into this meadow over a stile erected in a gap, but a hay-wagon or a manure-cart enters it by the headland through an eve-gate—a headland, by the way, where thousands of daffodils and narcissi were soon to break into bloom. Hillfield is closed every year for hay; and after the hay is cut the cattle graze on its aftermath. It has beautiful curves, stands high, and slopes away on every side. It is picturesque, with a group of lofty oaks sheltering it to the east; but as it is hilly, it makes many a day's work tiring both to man and beast.

From Hillfield you descend into Watermeadow, which is a field of eight acres of permanent pasture. In the middle of the low-lying field of old pasture stands a group of beautiful oaks under which the cattle shelter themselves on stormy nights. In a corner, by the side of the stream, which sings its way through an adjoining wood, lies a pond. Across the stream, under the willows where the meadowsweet fills the air with its rich perfume in June, we have made a dam which holds a little glittering pool of water all the year round; for in the sweltering days of June and July the stream is inclined to dry up.

Brambles have spread with wasteful prodigality in this field where it borders a wood, and from among them rises a crab-apple like an oriflamme in May, and a wild-cherry tree. Here rabbits run for shelter when the stream on tempestuous days swells into a flood, and here, too, under a June sky, kingcups and marshmallows raise their glistening chalices of gold and mauve from this moorhen-haunted, sedgy swamp, where willows with drooping heads shatter the shafts of the sun.

I have never regretted the step I took. Among the multitudinous siren notes of city life, there is not one sweet enough to lure me back again. I am, I am glad to

say, in no need of a fortifying dinner in Bohemia, for milk and honey and fruit and vegetables produced by the labours of my own hands and of those who help me are all within reach. There is meat, too, in Arcadia, as well as the wind on the heath, brother! F. E. GREEN.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

ON CERTAIN MATTERS IN FRANCE.

SIRS: The great number of foreigners who have been in France during the past few years have undoubtedly affected the national manners, and it would seem that the change has been for the worse. Fortunately, there remains, however, a stratum of good manners in this race whose very language obliges it to civility; and when, after any prolonged intercourse with people from other nations of northern Europe, one comes upon this stratum, one experiences a feeling of profound relief. A few days ago I received a letter from a Russian painter to whom I had sent a civil request by a mutual friend. He answered: "You can see my picture to-morrow afternoon. Be here at two o'clock sharp." No Frenchman could ever have written such a letter. Yet even the French have changed considerably since the war. The foreigners who have been here in battalions, and especially the English and Americans, are responsible for that. Certain forms of civility which, before the war, were common to all classes and had an engaging air of the eighteenth century, are now disappearing.

A deplorable feature of contemporary French manners is the emphasis laid upon physical defects by caricaturists—whether in printed and pictorial matter, or on the stage. The brutality of the insults which during the past year have been cast daily at the actress, Mlle. Cecile Sorel, on the score of her age, passes belief. Mlle. Sorel is still a rather attractive woman of the Jewish type who on the stage still manages sometimes to look beautiful. The satirists with pen or pencil, with perhaps the solitary exception of Forain, seem to find it impossible to get any farther than jokes about arthritis, or false teeth, or baldness, or the tightly-laced corset. Now this is a disquieting symptom; it is almost a sign of cretinism. Only the lowest types of humankind find pleasure in gibes at physical imperfections. Another case in point is that of M. Charles Maurras, the royalist, one of the greatest intellects in France to-day. Whether one agrees with his opinions or not, the work of M. Maurras, as poet, historian, literary critic, or political philosopher, deserves deep respect. He has, however, the misfortune to be quite deaf. A misfortune for anybody, this is particularly disastrous in the case of such a man as M. Maurras, associated as he is with contemporary politics, a bitter partisan and pamphleteer. One would think that his enemies might respect the tragedy of such an affliction. On the contrary, M. Maurras and his sick ears are the daily pretext for the most ignoble gibes.

A considerable number of American authors are said to be in France as well as in Italy and Germany. It is not likely, however, that many of them will make these countries a permanent abode; perhaps because of the truth of Stevenson's saying that though you may write with the pen of an angel, if you do not write in French the French will take no interest in you. Most authors sooner or later feel the desire to be among people who know something about their books; who share with them a common background. Unless our American writer is perfectly conversant with the language of the country where he abides, he is never really admitted even into the outer fringe of its native literary coteries. Such importance as he may have in his own country he has no means of revealing to them. Even translation, unless it is done on an extensive scale over a number of years and is a popular success, as in the cases of Oscar Wilde, Kipling, Wells, Jack London, contributes but slightly to an author's reputation in a foreign country. American painters and musicians, on the other hand, find in foreign countries men and women

engaged on the same problems of technique as those with which they themselves are confronted. Their degree of talent can be gauged to a hair. No American painter or musician is making the least impression in the European countries at present.

In France, the Americans who succeed are the dancers of both sexes. A man named Swan, described as "The Apollo of New York," has been showing himself all but naked. Miss Nina Payne, whose dances are excellent both in conception and execution, is having a real popular success—not a success manufactured by advertisements—at the Folies Bergères. All the newspapers have praised her lavishly; more extravagantly even than they do the Russian dancers, who are here in droves. Many of the Russian women who are parading themselves in Paris as ex-artists of the Imperial Theatres or operas were quite obscure in Russia. One of these Russians, whom Mr. Cochran, a London manager, saw in Paris and engaged at a high salary, has turned out a hopeless failure. The English actor who gave me this information remarked, "*ex nihilo nihil fit.*" Mr. Cochran's latest production was badly treated by the London critics. He lost his temper and wrote to the papers to say that he would never send tickets again, "as the critics had given him such a poor advertisement." I took up the London *Times* the other day and saw half an advertisement-column taken up with this manager's abuse of the critics.

These attempts to bully critics have been common in America for a long time. In France before the war there was no overt attempt, at least, to influence criticism. Now it is quite usual for managers to boycott certain papers. This domination of critics by managers may be one of the reasons why criticism of the stage has sunk so low in France; some of the papers merely giving a reporter's account of new plays. A recent incident shows to what extent the critics here are under the thumb of the managers. The Russian troupe of the "Chauve-Souris" is at present playing in America under the direction of the celebrated M. Baliev. Taking advantage of his absence, another Russian troupe, styling itself "the Chauve-Souris of Moscow," appeared recently at one of the large music-halls. This troupe, which had not a single good number, the critics treated with great respect as the genuine "Chauve-Souris"; some of them were content to copy out the blurb issued by the management. Even when it was pointed out that this troupe was a deliberate swindle, scandalously encroaching on M. Baliev's rights and likely to injure his theatre with the French public, not a single critic protested against these dishonest proceedings, and the newspapers continued to accept without demur the advertisements and *communiqués* supplied by the management of the alleged "Chauve-Souris."

Notwithstanding Mr. Cochran's valiant assault on the London critics, I rather think that the London press is on the whole more independent than that of Paris. Some years ago I was offered the post of dramatic critic on a London daily paper. The editor told me there were no restrictions whatever. He said the theatres and music-halls depended a good deal more on him for publicity than he depended on them for revenue. I believe that in Berlin also the critics of the theatre are sincere.

The two reviews which chronicle the doings of the Paris theatre, the *Mercure de France* and the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, do not carry theatrical publicity and have consequently a free hand. M. Paul Léautaud, known as Maurice Boissard, who was for a long time the dramatic critic of the *Mercure*, is now writing for the *Revue*. An admirable writer, one of the best and most original in France, he is, however, not a good dramatic critic. He makes no attempt to conceal the fact that the stage bores and disgusts him. He writes around a play rather than about it. His judgments are influenced by many things which are quite irrelevant to the play. His successor on the *Mercure*, M. Henri Bérard, is always interesting, but dramatic criticism is only one of his many avocations. Like Mr. H. L. Mencken in America, he is first of all a journalist: whether he discusses a play, a book, or the conduct of

life, he sees it from the journalistic point of view. He is accordingly often shallow, insensible to the finer subtleties, inclined to be overimpressed by the sound and fury of his own thinking, and prone to overestimate the importance of material success. A far better dramatic critic than either M. Léautaud or M. Bérard—indeed, probably the best in France—is M. Lucien Dubech of the *Action Française*. He has a better cultural basis than the other two and a set of iron principles, moral and political, which give unity and strength to his criticism, and continuity to his thought. M. Dubech is Catholic in morals, monarchist in politics, classic, in the sense of anti-romantic, in art. It is on this last point that I would quarrel with him. After the quagmires of cynicism and realism through which we have been passing, some of us are heartily longing for a return to the grand romanticism of Schiller and Dostoevsky, Victor Hugo, Charles Dickens and Emily Brontë, or even to the more dishevelled romanticism of Poe and Hoffmann. The austerity of the classical school, which M. Dubech, following his master M. Maurras, favours, is by far too intolerant. People are growing tired of intelligence and cleverness in art: what they want is imagination. The most popular poet in France continues to be the romantic Edmond Rostand, who if he had been a better poet would of himself have brought back the inevitable return to romanticism. He is one of Dubech's abominations, as is also another romantic who died recently, Henri Bataille.

Never was there a generation so precocious as the generation which grew up in France during the war. Books and plays written by boys of eighteen to twenty are numerous. The younger generation is not the generation that fought in the war; it is rather the generation that grew up while the war was being fought. Since the education of these youths was of necessity somewhat neglected, they are a rather ignorant lot. Surrounded by foreigners, hearing foreign idioms in the street every day, this new generation has grown up with hardly any of the xenophobia, which has hitherto been so characteristic of the French. As their fathers and older brothers were removed from the scene, they grew up with women and girls for companions. They know a great deal about women. They have no respect for the feminine character. They declare that nobody but a fool falls deeply in love or allows the woman to get the upper hand. Women are to be had for the asking, and one is worth as much for pleasure and as little for anything else as another. Yet in their books, in spite of themselves, they reveal the fact that women can make them suffer cruelly.

Several years before the war the old French practice, which proceeded from Roman Catholicism, of separating boys and girls as much as possible, began to break down. What is known as the Anglo-Saxon system came into favour. Then came the war, and boys and girls were free to do pretty much what they pleased. The French youth knows all about the French girl, and also, if he lives in Paris, about the foreign girl. When he writes he analyses her to the point of monotony, because, after all, he has nothing else to write about. If anyone wants to understand the modern girl of the well-to-do class in France, the girl who at the age of sixteen seems to be in full possession of her powers, who coldly plans her career, who treats her parents with the utmost indifference, who is expert in sensuality and dead to affection, perverse to her dainty finger-tips, amusing, charming, densely ignorant, and horribly dangerous for anybody who takes her more seriously than she wants to be taken—well, if anyone wants to learn about this brilliant young animal, there are documents constantly appearing, written from first-hand knowledge.

One of these is a play called "The Happy Age," written by M. Natanson whose age is twenty. The title is ironic. The miseries from which the youths in the play suffer are inflicted by girls or by mature women. In the third act there is an interview between a banker of fifty, or thereabouts, and a youth, his wife's lover. The woman

has had a caprice for the youth; then growing tired of him after a few months, she has calmly thrown him out. The youth in his desperation appeals to the husband. There is excellent psychology here. The husband has no illusions and the two males discuss the matter as friends. The play was first given in Brussels. Every paper condemned it and deplored the fact that M. Lugné-Poe, the well-known actor, should have given his support to a thing so repugnant. Some of the audience left the theatre. In Paris, however, it has been a success. It is being translated into German and Swedish, but it will probably be treated in Northern Europe as a picture of Parisian corruption.

Of course it does not represent France or Paris in any real sense; although it is by no means a false picture. Such groups of people are to be found in Paris, but they were also to be found in London, New York, perhaps in Tokio, certainly in Moscow before the revolution. But the youths who play football in Paris or the provinces are not obsessed by women, and they exist in far greater numbers than the kind of youth M. Natanson presents as an object for our pity.

Not long ago I saw another play. It is written by M. Dresseoir, who is not much over eighteen. As it unrolled before me I was covered with shame. It is the tale of a rich man who wants to be loved for his own sake, so he refuses all subsidies to the woman he loves. This pair and their friends are described with the authenticity of experience. What precocity! One recalled Dr. Johnson's words about Chatterton: "It is extraordinary that the whelp should have known such things." It made me quite melancholy. When I was eighteen I could never have written anything like that, or like M. Natanson's play either. Alas, I have missed much! I am, etc.,

Paris, France.

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

MISCELLANY.

THE installation of the Lord Rector of a Scots university is always a ceremony of great interest; though it can not be said that in recent years Scotland's universities have done themselves proud in the selection of their rectors. This year, however, something of a novelty in the way of a rector arrived at St. Andrew's in the person of Sir James Barrie. He is perhaps the first popular novelist and dramatist to enjoy the distinction. Somehow one's heart warms to the electors of St. Andrew's for choosing a man about as unpretentious, yet as human, as one can find in the field of literature.

BARRIE, as a successful novelist and dramatist, has for more than thirty years charmed his readers all the world over; and through these years of extraordinary success, he has remained the same gentle, unassuming workman. With characteristic humour he explained himself in a speech that must be quite unique in the annals of rectorial addresses. He referred to his predecessors, the literary rectors, the big guns in history and philosophy, and then he said: "You have had none who followed my more humble branch, which may be described as playing hide-and-seek with angels. My puppets seem more real to me than myself. I could get on much more swimmingly if I made one of them deliver this address. It is McConnachie who has brought me to this pass. McConnachie is the name I give to the unruly half of myself—the writing half. We are complement and supplement. I am the half that is dour and practical and canny. He is the fanciful half; my desire is to be the family solicitor, standing firm on the hearth-rug among the harsh realities of the office-furniture, while he prefers to fly around on one wing. I should not mind his doing that, but he drags me with him."

THE humour of this bit of analysis must have tickled the students immensely, but the whole of his address was in the nature of a humorous appeal, under which there lay a serious apprehension of the conditions that youth must

meet. At the outset he told the students that his theme was courage. Barrie himself did not lack courage, for he dealt with problems arising from and connected with the war, and so fearlessly that perhaps nothing like it was ever before heard from the rector of a Scots university. The passage in which he described the relative position of youth and its elders is worth quoting:

"My own theme is courage, as you should use it in the great fight that seems to be coming between youth and their betters; by youth meaning, of course, you, and by your betters, us. I want you to take up the position that youth have for too long left exclusively in our hands the decisions in national matters that are more vital to them than to us. Things about the next war, for instance, and why the last one ever had a beginning; the time has arrived for youth to demand a partnership. Your betters had no share in the immediate cause of the war, but for fifty years or so we heeded not the rumblings of the distant drum and, when war did come, we told youth, who had to get us out of it, tall tales of what it really is, and the clover beds it would lead to. We were not meaning to deceive, but that does not acquit us of stupidity and jealousy, the two black spots in human nature which, more than love of money, are at the root of all evil. If you prefer to leave things as they are, we should probably fail you again. Don't be too sure that we have learned our lesson and are not at this very moment doddering down some brimstone path. I am far from implying that even worse things than war may not come to a State. There is a form of anæmia that is more rotting than even an unjust war. But if you are to be in the struggle, the more reason you should know why before it begins, and have a say in the decision whether it is to begin. The youth who went to war had no such knowledge, no such say. I am sure the survivors want you to be wiser than they were, and are certainly determined to be wise next time themselves."

He told his hearers that the League of Nations was a very fine thing, but it could not save youth because it would be run by youth's "betters"; and youth must beware of its betters. His notion of what was wanted was something run by youth, and he suggested a League of Youth as a practical beginning. He urged his hearers to doubt all their betters who would deny them the right to obtain a fighting partner's share in decisions which lead to fighting. There are signs that his words may be taken to heart, and that youth is resenting the arrogant attitude of its "betters." I hear that the youth in Germany, Austria and Russia are under no delusion about the capacity of their betters, and in England also they seem to be waking up. Here, however, there seems to be little sign that our youth appreciate the gravity of the position in which their betters are placing them; and yet there is no country where a spiritual League of Youth, such as Barrie has in mind, is so urgently required.

JOURNEYMAN.

THE THEATRE.

"WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS."

ARNOLD BENNETT once remarked, with characteristic self-assurance, that it was easier to write a play than a novel because there were fewer words in it. (That was before Shaw had written "Back to Methuselah.") The fact remains, however, that Mr. Bennett writes far better novels than plays. Perhaps work agrees with him. "What the Public Wants," which he tossed off a dozen years ago, made no great impression on me when I read it, being in many respects clumsy and ill-constructed. But when the Theatre Guild took it down from the shelf and gave it a production sustained by admirable acting, my impression was naturally more vivid, though even less favourable. I was, of

course, interested; admirable acting of anything Mr. Bennett might write would ensure a measure of interest. But I was rather put out at the quaint acceptance by the author of his characters' point of view. It was a point of view which, as a newspaper-man, I have frequently encountered, and as a newspaper-man, I have resented. That Mr. Bennett did not resent it, that he quite evidently shared it, was rather disappointing.

Perhaps you are familiar with the play. The leading figure is a William Randolph Hearst (or a Lord Northcliffe) from the Five Towns, who has acquired Heaven knows how many London dailies, weeklies, boys' magazines, religious magazines, women's magazines, has built up their circulations to huge figures, and amassed a fortune, all by "giving the public what it wants"—which is to say, sex and sensation. This we learn in an interminable scene of exposition, one of those "do you remember?" scenes, clumsy and rather dull because the dramatist does not know how to move his story forward at the same time that he imparts information. Sir Charles Worgan (the super-editor-publisher) is printing in one of his Sunday papers a series called "Crimes of Passion," and it so happens that on the very day when he takes his fiancée down to the Five Towns to meet his mother and the other midland folk, his paper appears announcing that next week's crime will be one committed long ago by the brother of an old friend of his family.

Consternation! This must not be! It is bad enough to print such stuff at all, but to print something which will bring unhappiness to a friend of the family! Will he wire right up to London and cancel that story? Sir Charles refuses, as of course he should. But nobody, not even Mr. Bennett, seemed to think he should, and even Sir Charles did not refuse on the right grounds. I am not defending his series of articles; but once having embarked on the task of printing them, it would have been just as cowardly, just as immoral for him to cancel one of the articles because it hit close to his family as it would have been to save a member of his family from just punishment by cancelling a story. In other words, if a newspaper-editor hits at others and spares his own, he is a poltroon and a coward, whether he is hitting for righteousness or for circulation. If Sir Charles had been shrewd enough to see and say that, he would have been a more interesting figure in this play, and a rather more credible one. But his refusal was actually based on nothing but stubbornness, and he finally yielded because his fiancée caressed him.

The fiancée, about whom, in spite of the long, expository first act, we really know but little, and care rather less, gives him up on account of this episode, because he did not at once consent to cancel the article, realizing that it could not be printed. Yet for months she had seen the other crimes of passion he had printed. She had known that other families were being made unhappy by the rattling of old skeletons, and still she could be content to be his bride. It was only when he refused to bow to the selfish, individualistic code, and protect his own as something special and precious, that she revolted. Doubtless people are like that, but we refuse to think them any the more admirable because they are; or ourselves to accept this code as the natural and proper one by which is determined who is the villain and who the hero. She did not revolt at what he was and did in his social capacity—his enormous social capacity, touching the lives of the British millions—but only at what he was and did in his very private capacity; in short, because he lacked the instinct to put his family above his newspaper, to be indecent abroad but a "gentleman" at home. We

scarcely wonder that Sir Charles was puzzled at her; and we are rather grieved that Mr. Bennett is so obviously pleased.

The Theatre Guild mounted the play with an excellent cast, including Charles Dalton as the super-editor and Louis Calvert as the ill-tempered and idealistic theatrical producer who figures only in act two, and then drops out, leaving a gap greater than that created by the death of Mercutio (another bit of clumsiness on Mr. Bennett's part, for nothing is more dangerous in a play than to remove the most vivid character before the drama is half over). With the best of acting, however, "What the Public Wants" did not persuade one that it had either the theatrical illusion, or the intellectual significance, to make it worth the Guild's efforts. It is not a play to maintain them on the crest of leadership. But after "Back to Methuselah," perhaps, they were weary, and nodded. Meanwhile, Mr. Bennett seems to have deserted the easier way for the hard work of novel-writing, and improved his product. I, for one, vastly prefer "Mr. Prohack."

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

RECKONING WITHOUT HIS HOST.

SIRS: Your comment in the *Freeman* of 17 May, on Cuban "voluntary adjustment" under threat of intervention by the Government at Washington, recalls this bit of insight from "The Outline of History." There is, Mr. Wells says, "a real open 'foreign policy' of alliance and mutual help throughout America . . . and the future seems to point to a gradual development of interstate organization, a *pax Americana*, of the English-speaking and Spanish-speaking peoples, the former in the rôle of the elder brother. . . . Consistently with this idea of a common American welfare, the United States in 1898 intervened in the affairs of Cuba . . . Cuba is now an independent self-governing republic." pp. 505-6 Chap. XL., §6.

If a translation of the chapter on "Primitive Man" could be loaded onto a "time-machine" and sent back to the Palæoliths, how much they might learn about themselves. Modern man, on the other hand, is so obstinate in his delusions that we can hardly hope that the Spanish Americans will be impressed by Mr. Wells's viewpoint. I am, etc.,

Fort Lee, New York.

JULIA PARKS.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!

SIRS: The case of Hammond College may help to point the moral of your recent series of articles on College Education. Until a year ago we who are merely townspeople and barbarians looked upon Hammond with resentment and pride and a certain tenderness: resentment because the college openly flouted us; pride because its gray buildings and terraced campus and young life made a rather lovely splash of colour in our not unlovely town; tenderness because it was such a little, little college, playing so bravely at being a big college and bearing, for all its midget proportions, a tradition of ease and dignity of living, tolerance and fastidiousness. From the heights floated rumours of a tiny kingdom where brains counted for much and a patrician bearing perhaps for more, where there was urbanity and mellow irony and candour, and leisure for the trifling, kindly things, and where professors had acquired the habit of spurning alluring offers to go elsewhere, so enamoured were they of their pleasant, gracious lives in the white-pillared homes overlooking the lake. We in the lowlands looked up wistfully, and though we felt it our duty to scoff at undergraduate asininity, our scoffing was a mechanical matter entirely and there went with it a bit of admiration.

But let us forget all that. Hammond College is awake! It is talking glibly of class-quotas and sectional-quotas and the need of getting all the fellows out to the banquet and Doing Something. It is conducting a Million Dollar Endowment Fund Campaign; and scarcely had it announced this project than its low, well-bred tone rose to a scream and it threw itself on the necks of us who were of the outer darkness, and kissing us violently on the passive lips, cried: "Lo,

all these years we have loved thee!" Who could gainsay the lady or refuse her small-enough fee?

There are other things. The president who recently replaced the quiet, slightly monastic student who ruled for twenty years, is a "good mixer." He belongs to the Chamber of Commerce and speaks at each monthly dinner, to the Rotary Club and speaks at each weekly luncheon, to the Kiwanis Club, to the Elks. When the Hon. Albert R. Waters of Boston lately overwhelmed with delight the gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce by denouncing high wages because they are so fundamentally bad for the workingman, the president of Hammond invited him to repeat his address before the assembled college. True, he was merely following the example of the manufacturers who kept the Hon. Albert sweating from plant to plant entertaining their employees.

Then there is the singularly industrious young man in charge of the money-getting. There is that attempt of the trustees to whitewash their flirtation of a few years ago with the Carnegie Foundation. A rather wealthy denomination sponsors Hammond, and if the trustees succeed in smoothing offended feelings, there are hopes. . . . So Hammond's strictly religious atmosphere is being heavily underscored, although for years we have heard rumours of a golden liberality ruling there.

We no longer look up wistfully. We are laughing, and there is no admiration in our laughter. I am, etc., F. M.

"BOOKS OF THE GOLDEN AGE."

SIRS: Accept my thanks for the pleasure and stimulation of Mr. Vincent Starrett's paper, "Books of the Golden Age." It sent me at once to the attic, to unearth my old volumes of the *Boy's Own Paper*, acquired in Hong-Kong in a youth envired by the quarter-deck of my father's vessel. They completely filled my days on more than one long voyage at sea.

But I was disappointed to meet with no mention of what to me was Ballantyne's sweetest volume, "Gascoyne, the Sandal Wood Trader." I literally wore this book out, and now can find but a bundle of mutilated sheets of it, tied together with string and boxed among sailing-directions of the China Sea, the Indian Ocean and Australasia. But I recall with ardour the magnificent physique of Gascoyne, how he bounded over the mountain paths of Polynesian Islands, pursued by his enemies, how he leaped ravines that halted ordinary mortals breathless at their brink, and how, after heart-breaking dangers, he invariably escaped through the almost supernatural quality of his strength, courage and decision. And the rakish schooner that he sailed—at times a peaceful trader, then in the twinkling of an eye emerging from some secluded cove a sinister and piratical craft, her innocent white stripe and figurehead replaced by a band of flaming crimson and a crimson griffin at her prow, her brass Long Tom gleaming in the waist, as Gascoyne himself, affectionately patting its breech, swung it in range of the quarry he was pursuing and trained it with unerring eye. This, I remember, was my first meeting with the word "griffin," which puzzled me until I looked it up in the dictionary; for Griffin was a common name in our town, and a Captain Griffin lay in the fleet at the time. I am, etc.,

Searsport, Maine.

LINCOLN COLCORD.

THE ECONOMIC ROOT.

SIRS: In view of popular notions concerning the nature of the Orange society, it may seem strange to say that the present Orange terror in Belfast is traceable, not to politics or sectarianism, but to economic motives. We are told that Orangeism is only a counterblast to Hibernianism. It may be true that the Orange lodges would not be in their present flourishing state had it not been for the existence of the A. O. H.; that is one of the many sins that must be laid at the door of the "Molly Maguires." But in the course of time the Orange lodges have developed another and even more sinister function.

The "noble lords" who stand at the head of the society are, to be sure, Protestants and "Loyalists," but they are by no means bigots. Orangemen of the "better sort" have no hesitation in asking favours of Catholics; very few hate Catholics as such, as Sir Henry Wilson is said to hate them. An influential priest in Dublin tells of three Orangemen who came to him, believing that through his influence they might receive "honours" from the King, who was then about to visit Belfast. He tells also of a man who was going to Rome to study. The priest offered this man introductions to high dignitaries of the Church. The offer was declined with thanks, as the man already had letters from Lord Erne, who, as he said, was "a very good frind iv th' Pope." Lord Erne was a Grand Master

in the Orange society—I am told that he is now the Imperial Grand Master, but this I have not been able to verify.

The peculiarity of the Orange lodges is that, while the membership is made up mainly of workingmen, the officials of the organization are aristocrats and capitalists—men who shun any intimate intercourse with the rabble. Though the rank and file regard it as a Christian duty to kill Catholics and burn down their homes, the directing heads of the organization may be “very good friends of the Pope.”

Obviously, if the Orange society, under such guidance, indulges in pogroms of Catholic workingmen, the underlying motive is not sectarian. Politics and religion—“a religion they have not got and politics they do not understand,” as a Belfast labour-leader has phrased it—are simply red herrings used by Belfast employers to create division among the workers.

Let me quote from the statement of a Belfast Protestant labour-man on the beginnings of the present trouble.

On 21 July, [1920], men armed with sledge-hammers and other weapons swooped down on the Catholic workers in the shipyards, and did not even give them a chance for their lives. There was no aggression towards them, no provocation, no ‘rebel’ cries. The gates were smashed down with sledges, the vests and shirts of those at work were torn open to see were the men wearing any Catholic emblems, and woe betide the man who was. One man was set upon, thrown into the dock, had to swim the Musgrave Channel, and having been pelted with rivets had to swim two or three miles, to emerge in streams of blood and rush to the police office in a nude state. ‘These men tell us,’ he said, ‘that they will not work with us if we are not one of their number. Unless one signs a declaration that he is not belonging to the Sinn Féin party, does not intend to belong to it, that he will not work or act with them [Sinn Féin], he will not get work in the Belfast Shipyards.’ He proceeded to quote from the Belfast *Evening Telegraph* reports of this Orange meeting of 21 July, at which Mr. Kohn Holness seconded a resolution repudiating anyone in the works who had alliance with Sinn Féin, or the party of the red flag, red revolution. The speech resounded with ‘Dollie’s Brae,’ ‘Kick the Pope’ sentiments; and in his appeal said that as employees they would stand by the employers, and the employers would stand by them. [N. B.: The shipyard-employees of Belfast have recently accepted, by four to one, the latest wage-reduction, against which their own unions across the Channel decided to ‘down tools.’] John Crumlin said that they would not, as ‘loyal workers in a loyal State’ again work with disloyal Sinn Féin workers, whose object was to overthrow the great British Empire which ‘our sons and brothers had to build up.’ A Mr. Wells boasted of the fact that he was one of ‘Carson’s navy.’ The meeting closed with the singing of the ‘National Anthem’ and a hearty invitation to those present, and who were not in the Orange Order, the Ulster Volunteer force, or Ulster Labour party, to join at once.

It will be borne in mind that, owing to trade-depression, there is a large labour-surplus in Belfast, even as there was at the time of the pogrom of 1908. But more of that hereafter. I am, etc.,

Dublin, Ireland.

J. D. CLARKSON.

THE IRISH ELECTORATE.

SIRS: Interesting as is the communication of Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington in your issue of 10 May, it is more notable for what it leaves unsaid than for what it says. In common with all other opponents of the treaty she ignores the fact that the sentiment of the people is overwhelmingly in its favour. She and they would deny the people any opportunity of expressing their views. She writes that the register is “at least two years old.” What does this mean? To me it sounds rather indefinite. Indeed, in view of the fact that the revision-courts meet every October, I am unable to comprehend how it can be so. It is true that in 1920 and also in 1919 the country was so disturbed that it is unlikely the fighting men attended to the register. Conditions were different last October, however; any person entitled to vote whose name is not now upon the register has only himself or herself to blame.

Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington’s references to registration in this country seem somewhat ingenuous. In Ireland it is necessary for the would-be voter to file a claim to be registered several weeks before the court sits and then to attend court to prove his rights. This is very different from the simple practice of going to the registration-office and registering, as we do here.

The difficulty is that Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington and those who think as she does have become so embittered—justifiably so—against England and everything English that they are unable to take an unprejudiced view of any question affecting England and her relations to Ireland. They lose sight of the fact that by virtue of the treaty Ireland gains everything—short of independence—of which any Irish patriot ever dreamed. They fail to realize that Ireland’s fight throughout the centuries has not been for a republic, or indeed for any particular form of government, but simply to drive out the invader. They have accomplished this by means of the treaty, and now the people of Ireland have in

their own hands the power to make of Ireland what they will. The opponents of the treaty seek to convey the impression that a republic is the alternative to the Free State, yet it is difficult to conceive of anyone being so blinded, even by prejudice, as to believe that the alternative is a republic. Cathal Brugha, one of the bitterest opponents of the treaty, speaking in the Dail, 19 May, admitted, as every thinking person must, that the alternative to the Free State is war, war with England. Yet this is what Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington and her associates would enter lightly upon. What the result of war with England would be it is unnecessary to discuss here. Dean Swift’s famous dictum, “Ten men in armour are a match for one man in his shirt” is as accurate and as applicable to-day as when uttered.

Moreover, all of Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington’s criticisms of the registration of voters are nullified by developments subsequent to her writing. Mr. Griffith, far from having refused to agree to a plebiscite on the treaty, actually proposed such a plebiscite. At the recent conference called by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Griffith and Collins offered to submit the treaty and the proposed Constitution to an open vote of the adult population, regardless of registration. This offer Mr. de Valera refused on the ground that it did not apply to all Ireland, but only to the twenty-six counties comprising the Irish Free State. In connexion with this offer it was also proposed that an agreed election be held next month, a number of the present Dail members retiring in order to give representation to Labour. The new Dail was to be considered a constituent assembly to consider and ratify the new Constitution, preparatory to a general election in November, when the new law-making body would be chosen.

Whether the women of Ireland are as much opposed to the treaty as Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington indicates will soon be demonstrated. My information is that eighty-five per cent of the civilian population and sixty-five to seventy-five per cent of the army are pro-treaty, not because it does Ireland full justice, for it does not, but because it gives Ireland complete control of her own affairs at once and promises to evolve into complete independence within a few years. I am, etc.,

Chicago, Illinois.

BERNARD MACGILLIAN.

BOOKS.

LORD BYRON’S LETTERS.

BYRON is the only one of the great romantic poets about whom we can not make up our minds, and this is apparently because while the rest were poets, he was a personality. All men are Byrons; his personality is always new, and the argument about it is always to be begun over again. To the study of that individuality three recent publications have contributed, so that the Byron question is again well before us. There is first of all a new edition of Lord Lovelace’s “Astarte,” raising old ghosts in whose existence Mr. John Murray does not believe. An American issue of “In Whig Society,” a print of remembrance anent Lady Melbourne, is announced, if not already published. Last and most important of all are the two volumes of correspondence which now first see the light under Mr. Murray’s admirable editing,¹ and which supplement the “Letters and Journals” edited by Mr. Prothero (now Lord Erne).

These letters, once the possession of Hobhouse, Byron’s literary executor, passed to his daughter, Lady Dorchester, and upon her death in 1914, they came into the hands of Mr. Murray. The first of the two volumes consists in the main of Byron’s correspondence with Lady Melbourne, mother-in-law of Caroline Lamb, and aunt of Miss Milbanke who became Lady Byron. In the second volume Lady Melbourne fades quietly from the scene in favour of Hobhouse and Kinnaid, and of Shelley whose ponderous English looks very stodgy beside the slashing and colloquial brilliance of Byron’s epistolary style. The collection breaks natur-

¹ “Lord Byron’s Correspondence.” Edited by John Murray. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons. \$8.50.

ally into two parts at 1816 (the year of the "exile") and covers the years between (and including) his two journeys to Greece.

In the first volume a genuinely new Byron is presented, a Byron whose existence some have suspected and these letters prove. It has not anywhere appeared that Byron's conduct towards women was any worse than the average conduct of the group in which he moved; the present correspondence shows that he possessed his own code (and on the whole lived up to it), and that this code was, if anything, a little better than the prevalent morality of Regency society. Byron tranquilly records for Lady Melbourne's amused and experienced eyes all the steps in his proposed seduction of Lady Frances Webster ("The topography of the house [Aston] is not the most favourable"!) at the same time that he is arranging to lend her husband a thousand pounds; and yet he says he threw away "the best opportunity that ever was wasted upon a spoiled child" for the consummation of the intrigue "because I can not indulge my own passions at the certain misery of another." The authenticity of the last cantos of "Don Juan" is brilliantly substantiated by the Melbourne correspondence; but if Byron was no Joseph, neither was he a Casanova.

Amid the crowded and electric years of his social success, he showed to Lady Melbourne the sincerity, and even sweetness, of his temperament. He yielded docilely to her experienced guidance, even, alas! to the point of marrying a woman he was not in love with, and into a family of tedious old fools. But if he suffered fools badly, he suffered Caroline Lamb with the patience of an anchorite; an interminable series of letters, endurable only for Byron's humour, is given over to "the oddest antithesis of pipe-and-common-clay that ever was compounded," a phrase which is more charitable to Caroline than most of Byron's biographers have been.

In regard to the second volume, the most important facts are the clearing of Byron's good name in connexion with the Shelley-Hoppner scandal, and the additional evidence of his clear-headedness in the management of his Greek affairs. The first concerns the suspicion that Byron deliberately suppressed Mary Shelley's letter to Mrs. Hoppner, vindicating Shelley from the charge of improper conduct with Clare Clairmont. Mr. Murray, with great good sense, remarks that while "there is no positive proof that Byron did send Mary Shelley's letter to Mrs. Hoppner, there is on the other hand, no positive proof that he did not do so"; after which he presents argument to show that the letter was sent, and returned to Byron. It is odd to find Mr. Murray and Mark Twain in league against Dowden's "Life of Shelley."

If the letters from Greece are capable, modest, and statesmanlike, they are no more so than many have expected, and they offset the unpleasant letters of the Venetian and Genoan periods. No amount of special pleading will ever make out that Byron was not heartless and ungenerous in his treatment of Clare, and selfish in his attitude towards their natural daughter, Allegra. The good old gentlemanly vice of avarice, which appears in the second volume, is more excusable, finding its justification in the character of Hanson and in Byron's remoteness from England. Yet this later trait leads him into petulance and childishness, which even the wit and raillery do not conceal.

It will be observed that women are the dominant theme of the correspondence, which gives us the raw materials for Aurora Raby and Donna Julia and even Gulnare and Haidee. Byron recognized only two kinds

of women: clever women (and Lady Melbourne was the cleverest woman he ever knew), and silly women (and Caroline Lamb was certainly one of the silliest women who ever lived). When in the person of Anna Isabella Milbanke he met a girl who was neither clever nor silly, but who was technically "good," he did not know what to make of her, and yet he was drawn to her by the fascination of novelty. Here, it is evident, is material in plenty for unhappiness. What makes "Astarte" so dull is accordingly (besides the fact that it has no arrangement or proportion) its complete irrelevance. "All the evidence contained in 'Astarte' goes to show that Byron's alleged relations with his sister had nothing to do with the cause of separation," says Mr. Murray, and I think he is right.

Byron represents the masculine attitude towards women, conveyed in our day only by the delightful figure of Constantine Madras in "The Madras House." That idea was in its own time the prevalent idea, so that we are not surprised to read that in Paris in 1823, women "sent by hundreds slily for copies" of "Don Juan." Byron obviously exposed the secrets of the masculine code. Wherefore I submit that the Byronic heroine is quite as noteworthy as the Byronic hero, and often more interesting. Myrrha, Haidee, Aurora, Adah, even Gulnare, are more convincing than are Lara, Conrad, Selim, or even Don Juan, who is, after all, only an opportunity for a satire. Now that we have brought in feminism, the women on the whole are against Byron; whereas the men, to whom Haidee and Dudu represent opportunities now not obtainable, continue to read him with admiration and envy for his good luck. There is good feminine criticism on Coleridge, on Wordsworth, on Keats, on Shelley, but there is no good feminine criticism on Byron as a poet, however brilliant Miss Mayne's biography may be. I think these letters show why this is so.

Perhaps this fact helps to explain why, in times so strikingly parallel to the Europe of the Holy Alliance, there has been recently no pronounced Byron revival. Literature to-day is feminized; for, now that the aristocracy has become our most industrious labouring class, women are the only people who have time for it. Women dominate our letters, and women on the whole do not like satire. Byron is our last great satirist in English verse; his satires, indeed, are, aside from "Manfred" and perhaps "Cain," his most vital work; and he can not be revived so long as we are compelled to hold our sentimental view of women and of human nature. The bold, hard, brilliant hitting in "The Vision of Judgment" and in "Don Juan" is too masculine; it is accordingly diffused through our fiction, disguised as polite irony or suckling Freudianism, and so made palatable to the mob. Moreover, we have become suspicious of rhetoric, we who have been fooled so many times that political liberty means very little; and in Byron (who was no economist) much splendid verse sounds antiquated and insincere. As for Titanism, we have had Thompson and Swinburne as poets of despair, we have had Clough and Arnold as poets of doubt, we have had Rossetti and Morris as poets of the exotic. Why go back to Byron?

The answer is that the general drift of our verse is towards him. The complicated school of poetry has been succeeded by the plain and direct school. Looseness of style is, despite the imagists, admired. The verse-tale is once more popular. And above all, we desire personality in poetry. Byron is still alive and vital because he is, first and last, a great personality, and great personalities, however badly they may write, do not die. That Byron wrote so very badly is doubt-

ful; that he wrote eloquently, entertainingly, movingly, is indubitably true; and once we have got rid of the myths raised by that arch-enchanter, Lord Macaulay, who did as much damage to Byron in his way as Harriet Beecher Stowe ever achieved in her tolerably destructive activities, we shall see that Byron is an artist, a poet, and a man who becomes increasingly understandable as we get used to new standards of human life.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.

A MAKER OF AMERICA.

THE author of the biography of George Westinghouse¹ is necessarily a man of technical acquirements and professional preoccupations; but he is willing to recognize the limitations of the lay reader. Yet this recognition is slight—indeed parenthetic. Says Mr. Prout: "A reader who is quite impervious to engineering (if such a being exists) can get a notion of Westinghouse . . ." Such beings do exist—and in large numbers. Expert knowledge in one direction may be balanced by incredible lacunæ in another. Too often modern inventions are accepted with easy indifference. Few of us could explain the telephone. Few of us would have troubled to ask, with the Richmond darky viewing his first trolley-car, "Whar am de mule?" Thus the outsider in the presence of modern science and its inventions! "Such a being," says Mr. Prout, "can get a notion of Westinghouse and of what he meant to mankind" by reading "the first chapter and the last two." This permission to escape technical descriptions and technical drawings will perhaps be used by many.

George Westinghouse was born in New York State in 1846, went into the Civil War as a boy, took out his first patent at the age of nineteen, and his first air-brake patent before he was twenty-three. The complete list of his patents, covering seven pages of an appendix, shows that he produced a patentable invention "every six weeks for forty-eight years." Especially prolific of important activities was the decade 1880-1890. Within these years Westinghouse brought natural gas into Pittsburgh, produced the quick-action brake, and revolutionized the electrical art by means of the alternating current, besides organizing a number of companies, both in America and England, to make his various novelties and wonders effective. Within the next five years he illuminated electrically the World's Fair at Chicago and began to derive electrical power from Niagara.

As time goes on, with the temper of the world changing and with all values undergoing transvaluation, other productive decades, in other great careers, may somewhat fade. Not for ever will it be remembered that Raphael, in his great decade, 1510-1520, decorated the Vatican Stanze and the Chigi Villa and produced the "Transfiguration." In time, the world may tire of recalling that Shakespeare, in the great decade 1595-1605, wrote "The Merchant of Venice" and "Hamlet" and "Macbeth." Decades even nearer may wither, and one day it will perhaps be a matter of indifference that Mozart, between 1780 and 1790, achieved "The Marriage of Figaro," "Don Giovanni" and the "Jupiter" symphony. The new Pantheon may be scientific, with Edison, Tesla and Westinghouse occupying the *premier plan*, and with less stress laid on the refreshment of the human spirit than on the convenience of the human body and the material well-being of organized society.

Different views may, of course, be taken of the career of a typical modern inventor and of the social services he renders. To Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, of the General Electric Company, such things range themselves under the head of romance; and the ignorance of the average literary man (one of whom seems to have been denying rashly that art and beauty can flourish in a cold, commercial day), "disables him to see the romance of our age." The æsthete, poetically minded and holding the extreme opposite wing of opinion, will contend that all

mechanical inventions represent but a mere extension of man's material powers ranking only as adjuncts. The humanist, perhaps more important, will assert that all "progress" must be an inward and spiritual thing, and both will unite in maintaining that the electric trolley is essentially no more than the canopied dromedary, the dog-sled, the trireme. Both will hold that what counts is not the going, but the motive for going, and that from the days of the Iliad the real interest has been not in the mode of locomotion but in the story of human passion and conflict to which the means of getting about are only incidental. Between this stand and that taken by the engineer, the middle-of-the-road man, however, will acknowledge that a harnessed Niagara has made possible an expanded Detroit, and that new methods in lighting and transportation have rendered modern America somewhat different from ancient Greece and static Africa. He may even choose to view the modern inventor as a new "pioneer" following the earlier American tradition, and as pushing on, in the fine words of Miss Harriet Monroe, "from knowledge to knowledge through the encompassing darkness of our fate."

Mr. Prout's extremely appreciative and well-written biography closes on the note of "manufactured power"—generative as distinguished from creative. Furthermore, "the whole structure of the electric art, as applied to lighting, industry, and transportation stands on the alternating current"; and, to finish, with each word duly measured: "A thousand years from now, when scholars and philosophers try to measure the influence in the history of the human race of the era of manufactured power, and when they try to name the illustrious men of that era, they will write high in the shining list the name of George Westinghouse." Perhaps so; we may at least hope that, as eras shift and succeed, bringing forward other needs and other ideals, the worthies of our own era may not come to be denied their due place.

HENRY B. FULLER.

IN VINDICATION OF MR. HORNER.

CHARLES PERROMAT's study of Wycherley¹ is admirable for its thoroughness; no other study of a Restoration dramatist has been quite so exhaustive. M. Perromat begins, logically, with a biography. Next come long commentaries on the four plays and the poetic works; then the study closes with a critical summary in the course of which the author attacks the difficult problem of Wycherley's originality. French critics, even the most academic, are usually able to sugar-coat their scholarship. M. Perromat possesses this talent to a high degree; he writes clearly and even gracefully, and he is almost never boring.

His special virtue—an uncommonly rare one among professors—is his ability to think of Wycherley in terms of the stage. It is an attitude which requires more than a little imagination; since 1776 no play of Wycherley's has been publicly presented in its original form. No wonder that English critics, even the best of them, tend to treat him as if he were a writer of closet drama; no wonder they subordinate him to Congreve, whose style has more literary charm. Wycherley wrote definitely for the stage, and his language is marked with that sort of vigour which carries over the footlights. If M. Perromat is one of the first critics to realize this fact, it is because he begins with an advantage over his English predecessors. He has never seen Wycherley acted, but he is thoroughly familiar with Molière—who is nearer to Wycherley's technique than any dramatist now played on the English stage. Thus he is qualified to speak more confidently of the dramatic value of Wycherley's characters.

And for the stage what characters they were! Widow Blackacre, bustling into court with her half-dozen lawyers and her great lout of a son dragging after; Monsieur de Paris and his wench; that trusted friend of City husbands, Mr. Horner. And what situations: Pinchwife

¹"A Life of George Westinghouse." Henry G. Prout. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

¹"William Wycherley: sa Vie, son Œuvre." Charles Perromat. Paris: Librairie Felix Alcan.

forced to see his wife embraced, and unable to be anything but courteous; the scandal scene, with its interruptions, between Olivia and Novel; the famous china scene itself. . . . I think Macaulay spoke of it as the most dissolute scene from the most dissolute play of the most dissolute period of English literature, but I have seen it equalled in everything but brilliance by half a dozen burlesque-companies.

In fact, there are aspects of contemporary society which begin to make the Restoration seem pale. Wycherley fades before Mr. James Joyce for frankness. And as for nastiness, there are plays on the Paris stage to-day compared with which Mr. Horner's escapades are those of a prep-school boy; there are farces which might cause Wycherley's ghost to rise and leave the theatre. His was a masculine genius. His Gargantuan frankness has the effect of a strong purge; an effect lacking entirely in the works, let us say, of Max and Alex Fischer, or the spiritual author of "Fais voir ton nu." Wycherley was even a moralist, if his morality was not exactly that of Bunyan.

He was a moralist with the ill fortune to be judged by other moralities than his own. His friends have harmed him quite as much as his foes. Hazlitt or Leigh Hunt, or whoever it was first offered the plea that the Restoration drama should be judged as a collection of fairy stories which bear no reference to any real society; this critic, whoever he was, showed even less exactness than Macaulay. The comedy of the Restoration was perhaps as faithful a reproduction of actual manners as the English stage has ever seen. Its dramatists had a code of morals which included one virtue only, honesty: and by this quality alone they asked to be judged. Dick Steele realized this fact in 1709, when society had already undergone a moral revolution. He said in the *Spectator*:

The character of Horner, and the design of it, is a good representation of the age in which that comedy was written: at which time love and wenching were the business of life, and the gallant manner of pursuing women was the best recommendation at Court. To this only it is to be imputed that a gentleman of Mr. Wycherley's character and sense condescends to represent the insults done to the honour of the bed without just reproof; but to have drawn a man of probity with regard to such consideration had been a monster, and a poet had at that time discovered his want of knowing the manners of the Court he lived in, by a virtuous character of his fine gentleman, as he would show his ignorance by drawing a vicious one to please the present audience.

M. Perromat shows excellent perception when he adopts Steele's attitude, for later critics have never been so near to justice as was Steele.

An author who wrote for the stage and not the library; a moralist who concerned himself more with truth than purity: these are two points of view from which M. Perromat treats his subject. But there is a third; he discusses Wycherley's value as an innovator. In this part of his work he proves that he appreciates the time-element in criticism.

Critics are in the habit of lumping together a whole century, and then speaking of all its writers as if they appeared simultaneously. The Restoration suffers especially from this procedure. "Restoration drama," as the term is generally applied, includes everything produced on the English stage from 1660 to 1710; these various works, however, refuse to be judged together. The Restoration ended definitely in 1688. Congreve, who wrote afterwards, treated a society which was already surrounded with the elegance of death; his characters survive because they never lived. The social background of Vanbrugh and Farquhar is vastly different from that of Wycherley. He alone, among the great comedians, can justly be called a Restoration dramatist. Put Wycherley alongside his own contemporaries—Shadwell, Etheredge, Sedley, Mrs. Behn—and he stands shoulder-high above them. His relation to Congreve and Vanbrugh is that of literary parent.

In France, a few years before, Molière had brought to perfection three forms of comedy: the comedy of in-

trigue, the comedy of manners, and the comedy of character. The honour of introducing the two latter in England belongs to Wycherley (and not, as M. Perromat so carefully shows, to Sedley or Etheredge). He took his material from Molière, but he did not translate the French words into English. What he did was to translate the situations from the terms of French into those of English civilization, which is a vastly different achievement. He did his work so well that the comedy of manners remained a permanent feature of the English stage; his was the task of educating an audience. M. Perromat devotes much of his argument to showing that in this sense Wycherley was truly an innovator, and he does not do his work in vain.

To be an innovator is a task with many disadvantages, and they are plainly apparent in Wycherley's comedies. The audience he created for later dramatists was not yet ready for himself. The society to which he belonged and about which he wrote was vigorous, but decidedly it lacked elegance and charm. So do the plays of Wycherley. He was bound by his theory of art to portray his milieu faithfully, and he could not introduce qualities which he did not find there. Congreve, writing twenty years later, could aspire to infinitely more polish; he had the luck to be born at the right time. If Wycherley had belonged to this later generation, if it had been his fortune to portray the dying elegance of the same society—but then, if Wycherley had been twenty years younger, the English stage would have been quite different. I doubt if it would have been better.

M. Perromat treats all these questions, and others. He has a habit of making illuminating asides; his foot-notes, which are fascinating, are not always the familiar references to Pepys's Diary. And this treatise, with its clarity, its completeness, and its just regard for dramatic values, is nothing more nor less than that malodorous beast which we call a Ph.D. thesis. Only it is a Ph.D. thesis as they are written at the Sorbonne, where scholarship is not necessarily incompatible with an easy style, with critical appreciation, or with a certain urbanity.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

SHORTER NOTICES.

COLLECTING the opinions of some three score writers upon the expansive theme of "The Future of the Novel"¹ is an occupation for the interviewer of assiduous temperament, and that, precisely, is the equipment which Mr. Meredith Starr has brought to the task. It is scarcely likely that, by approaching such a throng and giving each individual the same cue, the total accumulation of opinion would be other than repetitious and occasionally perfunctory, and such is the impression which the compilation gives. When one considers that the list of contributors to the symposium ranges all the way from Miss Arabella Kenealy to Miss May Sinclair, and from Mr. Upton Sinclair to Mr. Hugh Walpole, the astonishing thing is that the book retains any sort of coherence at all. Mr. Swinnerton predicts a movement "in the direction of a humorous rather than a romantic synthesis"; Mr. Beresford sees a tendency away from realism—"an experiment which has now reached its limit"; Mr. Maurice Hewlett bemoans the speed and pressure of modern life, with its output of novels merely to supply a popular demand; Miss Sinclair assigns the future to the "synthetic psychological novel"; Mrs. Atherton, having viewed with moderate alarm the inroads of the movies, concludes that "nothing can ever take the place of a good book"—an assertion which is as unassailable as it is platitudinous. In short, here are almost as many opinions as there are temperaments, the inevitable conclusion to be drawn from them being that the future of the novel will be decided by posterity.

L. B.

ALTHOUGH Mr. McDowall's "Beauty and the Beast"² is offered as "an essay in evolutionary æsthetic," it is not an essay, nor is it evolutionary, nor is it æsthetic. Mr. McDowall is not interested in beauty, he is interested in God; he is not interested in evolution, he is interested in the metaphysical deduction of God; he is not interested in exposition, he is interested in

¹ "The Future of the Novel." Compiled by Meredith Starr. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$2.00.

² "Beauty and the Beast: an Essay in Evolutionary Æsthetic." Stewart A. McDowall. Cambridge University Press. \$3.00.

iteration. He seems to acquire assurance and conviction by the constant repetition of his formulæ, like a Hindu yogi on a *Gott-betrunktheit* emitting the sacred syllable *Om*. Mr. McDowall has taken from Bosanquet his amusingly false ideas of what Plato thought about art and beauty, and from Croce the first half of the proposition that he asserts and reasserts in this book. This proposition is: beauty is expression. Mr. McDowall adds: of relationship. His whole thesis is: beauty is the expression of relationship. The relationship which it expresses is love, and it is well-known that love is God. Mr. McDowall arrives at this conclusion by way of a turgid summary of Croce's dialectics about art and beauty, and the conjugation of its content and upshot with the observation that "the beauty we perceive is never satisfying, or if it satisfies at all, it does so for a moment. Almost at once dissatisfaction follows or rather unsatisfaction." This "unsatisfaction," this impulse or yearning is, according to Mr. McDowall, the "sex-response" to beauty, and the reproduction of the cause of the yearning is a new creation. This again is like love which is also expressed in sex and art, and also contains a dissatisfaction which is the effect of its being a "receiving without giving." Thus, when a lover of beauty appreciates a work of art, he is receiving and re-creating the artist's "intuition" which is expressed in the work of the artist and which is itself a re-expression of the Creator's expression. Thus the trick is turned. It becomes an easy act of piety hereafter to adduce for the arts an erotic origin, with Freud and Jung for witnesses, and otherwise to ignore the plain facts of psychology, archæology and history.

H. M. K.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

THE last two volumes of "*Mr. Punch's History of Modern England*," covering the period 1874-1914, have now appeared. They give me occasion to take up again the line of comment made by the editors of the *Freeman* upon the first two volumes. These editorial observations, in the issue of 22 February, tended to show how desirable it is that a really good comic paper should be established in this country, and how useful this history is in helping an enterprising publisher to determine the broad, general characteristics that such a paper should possess. A good deal was said by implication, also, about the qualifications of an editor, mostly regarding his qualifications of spirit and temper. There is one qualification, however, which they did not specify, and about which I wish to speak directly. While it is actually no more important than those of spirit and temper, it is by force of circumstances the foremost thing for an intending publisher to have in mind in the selection of an editor, because it is the hardest to find. Men of the right spirit and temper, possessed of flexibility, seasoned wisdom and benignant shrewdness, are far from plentiful, no doubt; still, they may be had. Our contemporary *Life* has the very perfection of them in Mr. E. S. Martin. But to find a Mr. Martin with another qualification superadded, and then to surround him with a staff of artists and writers who shall have more or less of his own qualifications and of this one too—there is the rub! Yet without doing just that thing at the very outset, no publisher can possibly produce a paper that will be any better than *Life* now is, or at least enough better to count for anything.

THIS qualification is scholarship. Since I have just spoken of *Life*, I am reminded that its new editor, Mr. Shipman, has been in office but a month or so, and as yet, probably, the saddle of his tripod is barely warmed. Mr. Shipman, no doubt, has his own ideas of what an American comic paper should be, and it would be a great impertinence for me to obtrude mine upon him. I have no notion of doing this. It is no impertinence, however, to ask his attention to *Punch's* history as a sort of précis of others' achievements in his field. I would therefore suggest that he go through *Punch's* history, first for the qualities and characteristics already noted by the editors of the *Freeman*, and then go through it once more, diligently, line upon line, for the resources of scholarship that he will find there. Then I would ask him to say how much, in his judgment, this scholarship has to do with the net value of the paper, its effectiveness, power and permanence, and to imagine how far, in these re-

spects, the paper would have gotten without it. These indeed are the guiding ideas, I think, which should animate a practical study of the whole European comic press. It would at once occur to anyone to examine the French, German and Italian comic papers for certain technical superiorities, or for "features," which last have a perennial fascination for the American editor; but to examine them for their spirit and temper, their wisdom and shrewdness, their ability to pick up and reflect the native sagacity of *l'homme moyen*, and finally for the range and depth of the scholarship upon which they are bottomed—to do this, probably, is less customary, less likely to be thought of, and I am therefore perhaps justified in suggesting that there is profit in doing it.

By scholarship I do not mean pedantry. I feel the need of saying this on account of the superstition prevalent among periodical-publishers, that a show of scholarship is a thing to be shunned, and that the literary quality of their product is to be set by a carefully-calculated average of ignorance and vulgarity in their readers. In the face of this superstition, how can I be explicit enough, how can I make the spotless purity of my intentions manifest enough, in assuring Mr. Shipman that I mean neither the parade of learning nor (which is worse) a raw, crude, undigested learning. The degree of scholarship possessed by an accomplished writer does not show by this or that mark on the surface of his writing. It informs and suffuses all he has to say, just as a sound and pedigreed politeness informs and suffuses one's general attitude towards other persons. Those who, like myself, were educated in the bad old times when classical literature formed the staple of our training, will remember the name of Bishop Butler; perhaps even, with anguish and desolation in their hearts, they were sometimes compelled, as I was, to look into his pages. Butler had profound scholarship, but was remarkable among the philosophers of his century for the fact that he almost never quoted. His learning was completely fused in the crucible of his mind. To estimate Butler's scholarship from his own writings, therefore, one must approach it by imagination. One must take paragraph after paragraph and deliberately ask oneself, "What sort of equipment must a man have who would say just this thing under these circumstances, and say it in just this way?" It is precisely this method that I would urge upon Mr. Shipman in his perusal of *Punch's* history. Let him look at the substance of this or that cartoon, this or that editorial comment, and then ask himself what sort of scholarship the man must have had who would, under the circumstances, think of just that thing and of putting it in just that way. If Mr. Shipman will consent to do this, I think I can promise him a pretty impressive experience.

I SUPPOSE, though I can not be sure, that this quality so discernible in *Punch* is what our amateur *littérateurs*, in their jargon, call "background." We will let it go at that, though I should prefer to call it the flavour and savour imparted by very fine and unusual scholarship. It is the quality, under whatever name, that is conspicuously absent from American comic publications. They are without "background." Their best efforts depend for success upon nothing more substantial than the nimble-wittedness of the columnist (if one must accept that distressing name) or the paragrapher. I do not disparage the paragraph; indeed I often read with pleasure the pageful collected weekly by the *Literary Digest*. But a comic paper which carries no more ballast than the paragraph, is sailing very light indeed; and the best of our comic papers carry no more than that. Since Mr. Shipman has but just taken on his task, it is not invidious to suggest to him that he apply the same simple test to *Life* that I have been recommending for his application to *Punch*—the assay-test for scholarship. Let him take any number of *Life's* issues, over any number of years, let him pick out of them anything he chooses, and then bring his imagination to bear upon the "background" that it indicates, the degree and range of the scholarship behind

it. I shall be unfeignedly surprised if he discerns any more than the most commonplace and insignificant. If in this one particular he compares the very best and happiest of Mr. Bangs, Mr. Masson, Mr. Braley, Mr. Guiterman, Mr. Oliver Herford, with what he finds on almost any page of these volumes of *Punch's* history—but perhaps I had better stop here.

THE staff of *Punch* knew English history as any true son of the Establishment knows the Lord's Prayer. Quite as well did they know the history, literature and mythology of Greece and Rome. They knew less of the modern history and literatures of Continental Europe. As an organ of middle-class opinion and sentiment, *Punch* shared the insularity of its class; and this is a weakness of which the American publisher should take due note. Yet *Punch* kept abreast of the French newspapers and reviews, criticizing in 1877 a French version, appearing in the *Figaro*, of the famous song, "We do not want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do"; and it now and then picked out something appropriate from the better-known French essayists. But whether in cartoon or comment, the *locus classicus*, the standard parallel of the situation under *Punch's* eye, is always brought in without effort, it comes in of itself. The whole range of Greek and Latin literature, the modern English classic, the native legend, the Bible, the drawing-room ballad, the street-song, the current popular verse, are all turned to instant good account for reference, citation, adaptation or parody. While I have Mr. Shipman on my mind, I might make a final suggestion (he will no doubt join heartily with the rest of my readers in rejoicing that it is the last), that he should take any fifty pages of *Punch's* history at random, and count up the number of times he finds recorded in them a tactful, brilliant and effective use of the *locus classicus*. The third volume lies open before me now, quite by accident, at the thirty-sixth page: and there I see General Gordon mentioned as ploughing along through Egyptian difficulties, carrying Gladstone on his back as "The Grand Old Man of the (Red) Sea"; Gladstone on the Treasury Bench as Mr. Micawber, waiting for something to turn up; the Liberal majority as Mrs. Micawber, protesting that "she will never desert Mr. Micawber"; Lord Salisbury, figuring as "The Losing Leader," after Browning; and the Franchise Bill, as "Bill, the Giant-Killer," blowing his horn before a castle labelled "House of Lords," and Lord Salisbury as the ogre, looking over the battlements in dismay.

I REMIND myself constantly throughout the course of these reflections that magazines, like Hodge's razor, are made to sell; and that almost anyone can get up a salable comic paper on nothing but nimble-wittedness and with very little trouble. Why, then, try to do better? It is with papers as with plays or cinema-shows; the American public will take a good one if it can get it, but if not, it will take a slovenly one good-naturedly. There is every inducement to keep a paper at a low level, for the public will accept it with apparent incuriousness and without much complaint. The English public is in this respect somewhat like our own. I doubt that the sterling excellence of *Punch* has made much difference with the volume of its circulation, one way or the other. If an American comic paper should make itself over into the full realization of my ideal, I do not think it would sell many more or fewer copies, year in and year out, on the strength of its peculiar qualities. Its excellences would be vaguely appreciated, they would soon pass into a kind of tradition, but there would be no wild stampede to buy it; neither, on the other hand, would it lose many subscribers. Popular education here, as in England, has developed a large number of persons who know how to read but do not know how to discriminate in what they read; and the business of publishing has in consequence become chiefly the business of exploiting this ignorance. Hence it has developed certain well-defined superstitions of its own concerning "what the public wants"; and most

of these are now being overhauled and revised, and many of them are likely to be forsaken. What the public wants in the way of a comic paper—or at least, what it will accept—is fairly clear; but its demands upon the literary and spiritual qualities of such a paper are very unexact. In projecting the kind of comic paper that I have long had in mind as a desideratum, the question of popular acceptance is therefore not one to be much dwelt on. I believe that *Life* has still the largest circulation of any of our comic papers; well, if Mr. Shipman should by some miracle turn *Life* overnight into just the sort of paper I should like to see, he would, I believe, neither gain nor lose enough subscribers to be worth thinking about.

ALL the incentives to produce such a paper, then, must grow out of other considerations. There are plenty of comic papers that sell as well as *Punch* and probably make as much money; I suppose that *Life* itself must be as valuable a property, or nearly so. Their quality, however, is ephemeral; one reads them as pastime and throws them aside. I do not say this in disparagement; the ephemera of nature are often very beautiful, so beautiful that one wishes they might live to delight us longer. But there is, as I said, a power and permanence in the quality of *Punch*, attained without sacrifice of anything that makes a comic paper popularly acceptable, which gives it an entirely different place, and, one would say, a more enviable and satisfying place in the literary world. One can test the truth of this statement rather easily, even without a copy of *Punch's* history at hand. Most people know Keen's chop-house on Thirty-sixth Street, where the walls are covered with framed cartoons from *Punch*, reaching back as far as the 'sixties. When one examines them, one instantly gets a sense of power and permanence from their literary and spiritual quality—try it and see! They are as good as ever, even though the men and scenes set forth in them are gone and forgotten. Would an Englishman get precisely the same sense, or anything like it, from surveying a similar collection of cartoons out of an American comic paper, set up in a chop-house on Fleet Street? I greatly doubt it.

THE question, then, is simply whether it is worth while to produce something like that for the sheer sake of producing it, when considerations of money-making and popular acceptance count for very little, one way or the other; and this is a question that the intending publisher must answer as he will. *Punch* had the divine luck to originate among people to whom the production of just that sort of thing was easy and natural; it would have been hard for them to get out any other kind of paper, because the tendencies of their spirit, temper and scholarship all lay that way. Then, the tradition once established, the paper furnished a constant natural attraction for artists and writers of like bent. Here we see a line of procedure clearly intimated to the not impossible American publisher contemplating a similar beneficent enterprise. American editors are chosen mostly as wheel-horses, and our periodical literature faithfully reflects that principle of choice. Their staffs are chosen with as much and as good intelligence as one could expect a wheel-horse to exercise, and our literature reflects that too. To the intending American publisher, however, *Punch's* history is continuously a prescription for one thing only, first and last—an editor like Mark Lemon, an editor like Burnand.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Daughters of Fire," by Gérard de Nerval. Translated by James Whitall. "The Shepherd's Pipe," by Arthur Schnitzler. Sea Gull Library. New York: Nicholas L. Brown. \$1.50.

"In Praise of Folly," by Desiderius Erasmus. New edition, with Holbein woodcuts. New York: Peter Eckler Publishing Co. \$2.00.

"The Outline of Science." Vol. I. Edited by J. Arthur Thomson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.75.

An astute woman in a large city of the South, a penetrating critic, writes:

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We are not quite sure of what constitutes an "extremely radical appearance," but if the youth (perhaps he was unshaved) should chance to read the New York Times Book Review and Magazine of 28 May, he will find this justification for learning the paper by heart:

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